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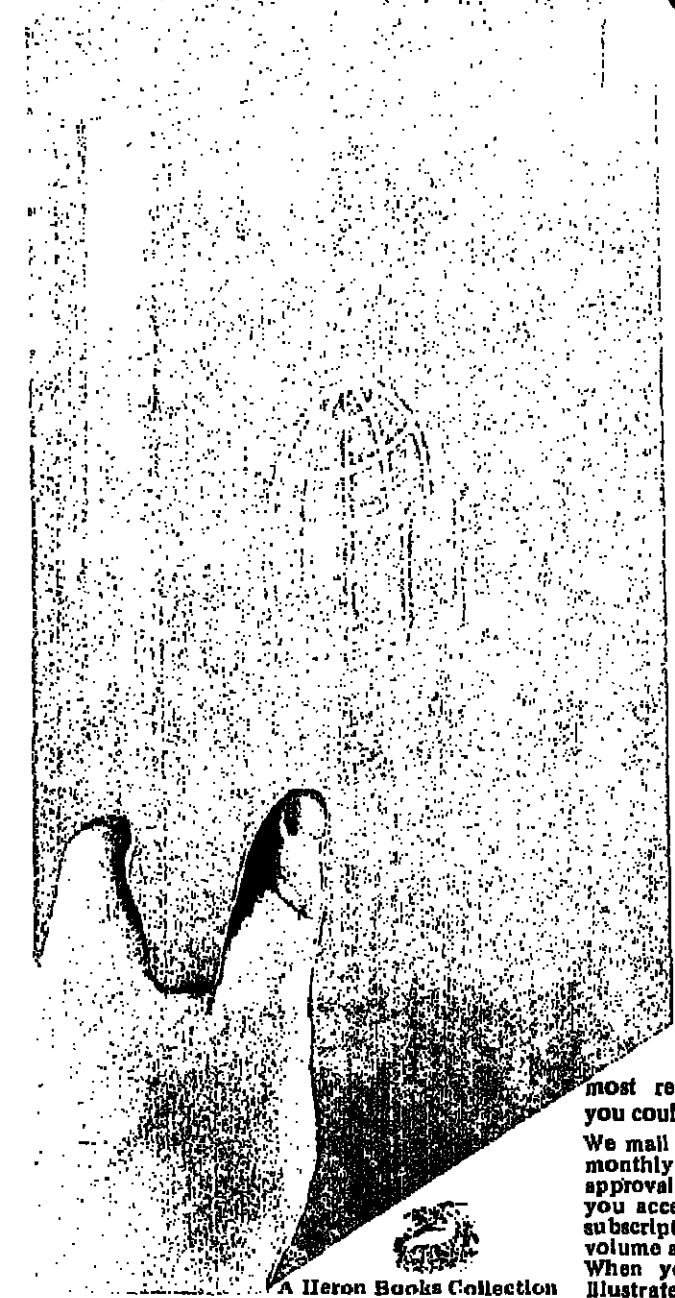
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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Scouts' Jamboree



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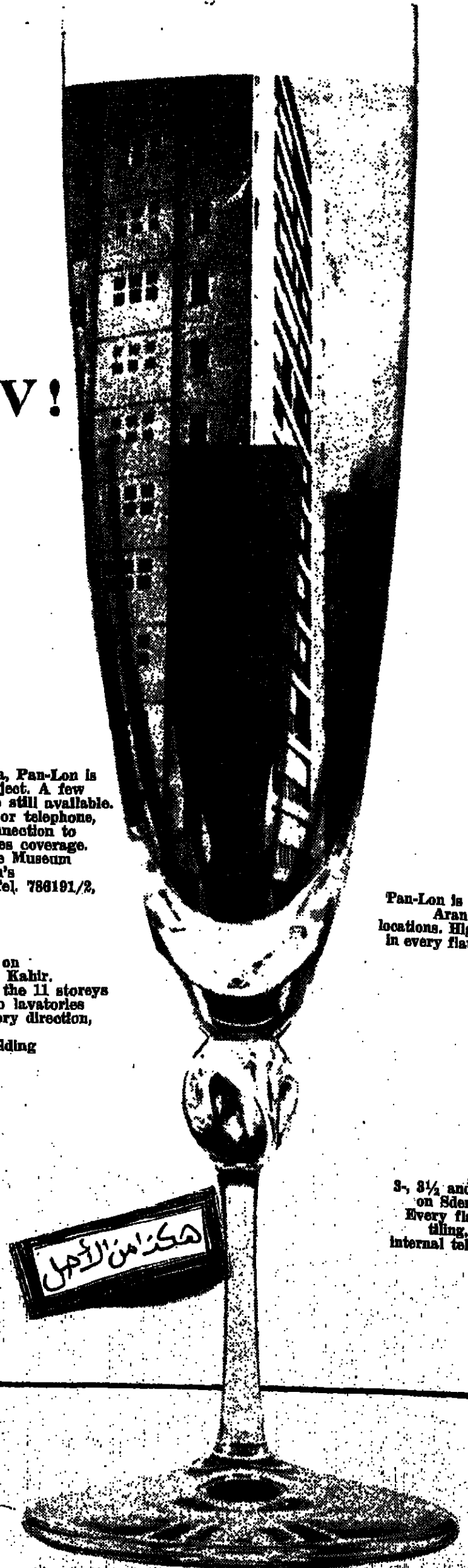
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**THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE**

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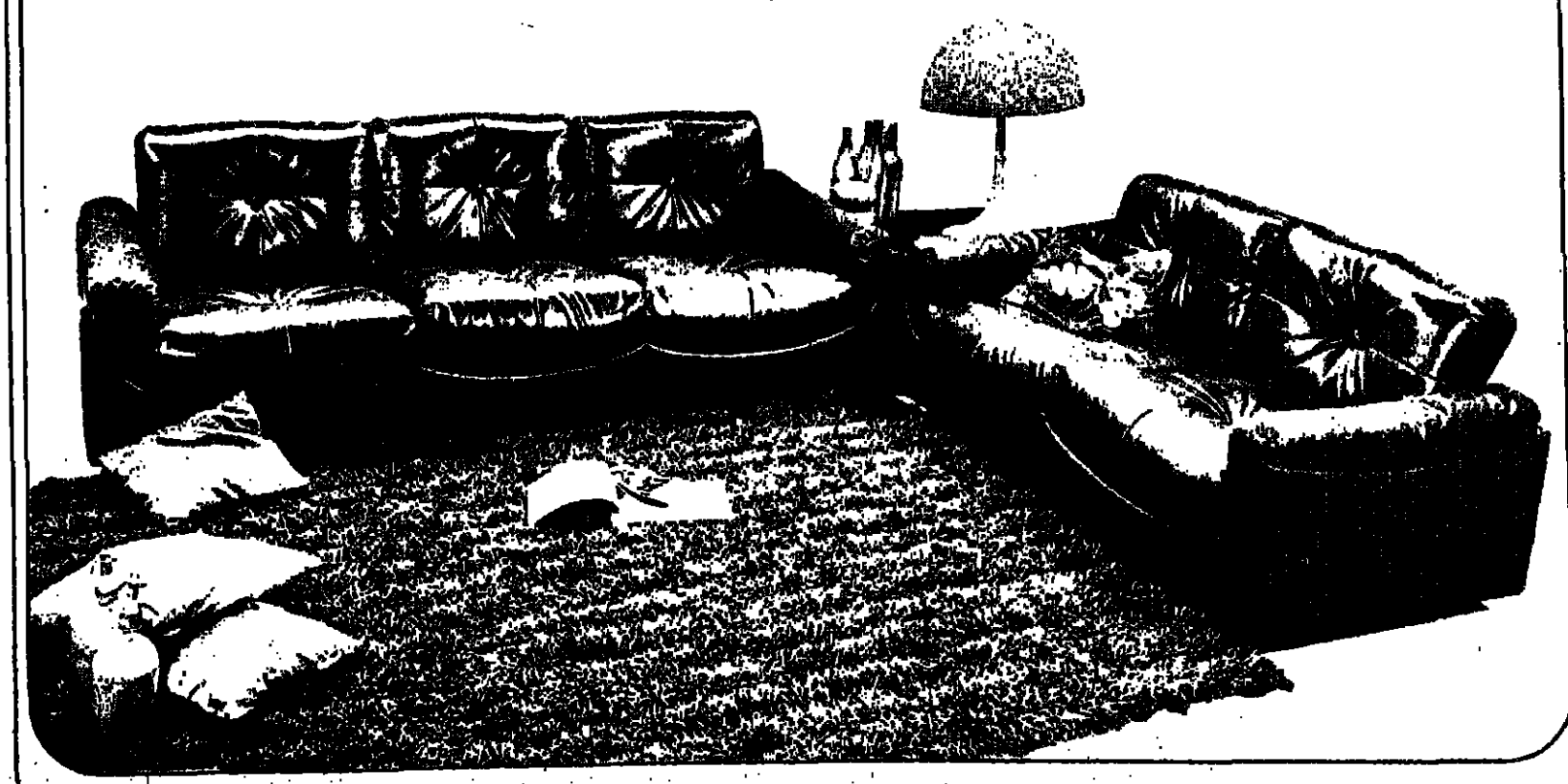
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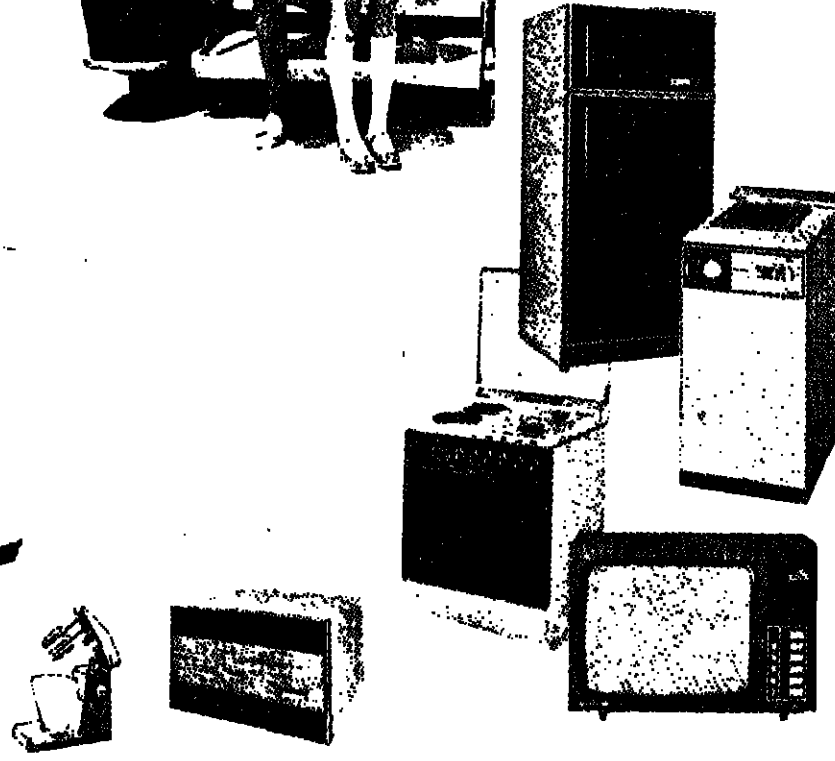
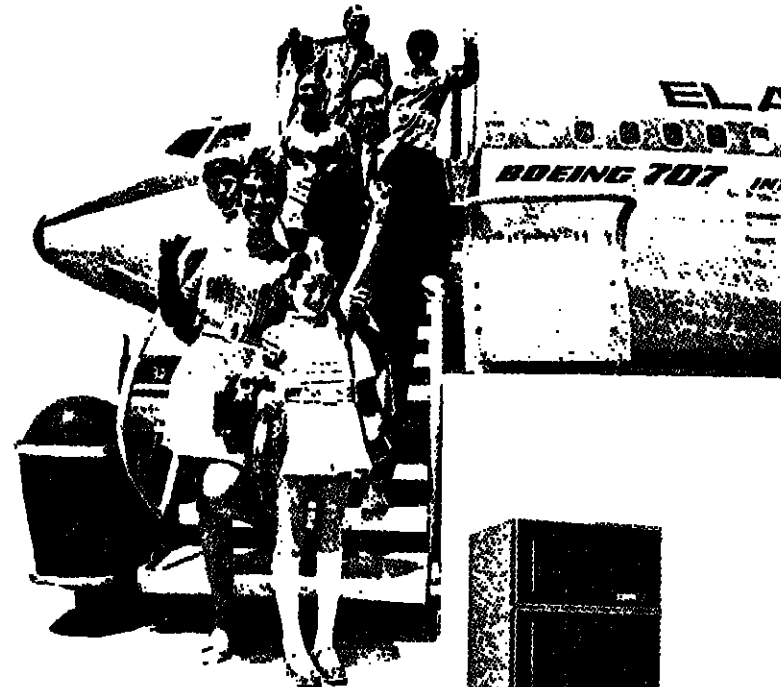


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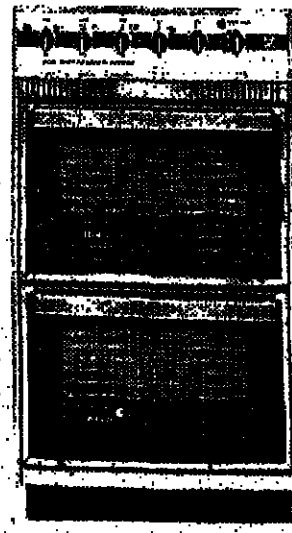
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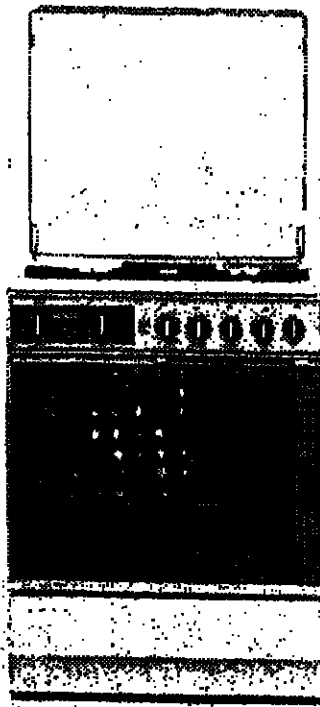
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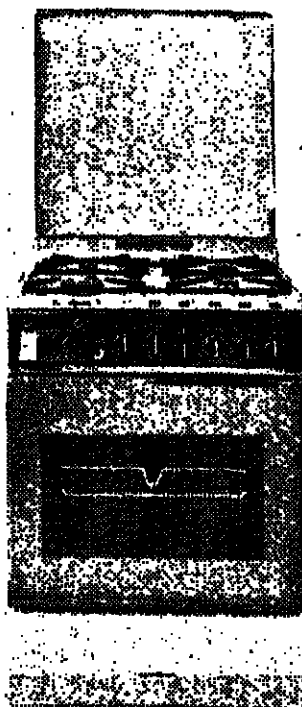
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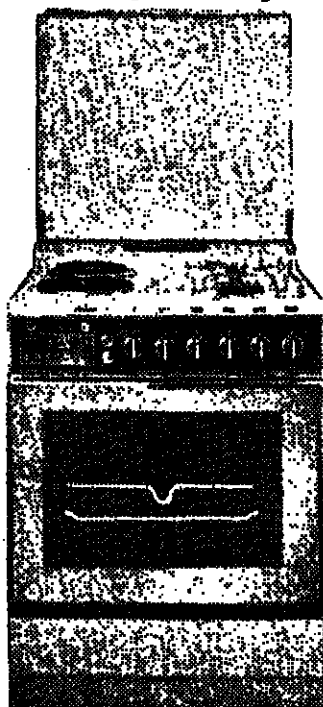
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THE WAR against terrorism is a protracted one. There is no one-time elegant solution. It is a series of blows. Blows which limit the terrorists' operational capability and destroy their infrastructure. Blows which give us a brief week of peace. It's a long war, and you can't always be ready. You can't possibly know it all. The world is their battlefield, and the world has done precious little to prevent terrorism. Not the governments of the world, not the United Nations and not the International Pilots' Federation. Israel has thus had to seize every opportunity it can get — even if that opportunity is taken with the clear knowledge that international opinion may censure the action. There are few people in Israel, outside the Defence establishment, who are in a better position than Aluf (Res.) Aharon Yariv to judge the merits or otherwise of last week's decision to intercept a civilian passenger plane in the hope of catching Dr. George Habash.

Until slightly over a month ago, Yariv was the man who coordinated the fight against terror. Some 10 months ago he ended an eight-year term as Chief of Army Intelligence. Earlier this week, Cairo Radio credited him with being one of the main architects of Israel's successful fight against international Arab terrorism, at the same time regretting the fact that they thought he would be returning to his previous job.

The job was not, and is not a simple one. Israel has 92 diplomatic missions abroad, while the Jewish Agency has 84 offices, and El Al another 40 agencies. Israeli planes use more than 20 international airports and Israeli ships call at some 220 ports. There are thousands of Israelis working and studying abroad. All are potential targets for terror gangs, which possess more than sufficient means and have a wide basis of international cooperation.

George Habash's organization, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, is, according to Yariv, the second most important organization from Israel's point of view — second only to Fatah and its executive arm, Black September. Habash, whose headquarters are in Beirut, was responsible for the Lod massacre, and more recently for the hijacking of the Japanese Airlines Boeing 747. The P.F.L.P. — which draws funds from Yemen, South Yemen, Iraq and Kuwait — is the organization which introduced hijacking as a new method in the Middle East conflict, and throughout its bloody five-year reign has proved to be the most extreme of a group of extremist organizations.

GORGE HABASH is the commander — not the leader — of the organization. And thus Israel was justified in attempting to capture him, said Yariv.

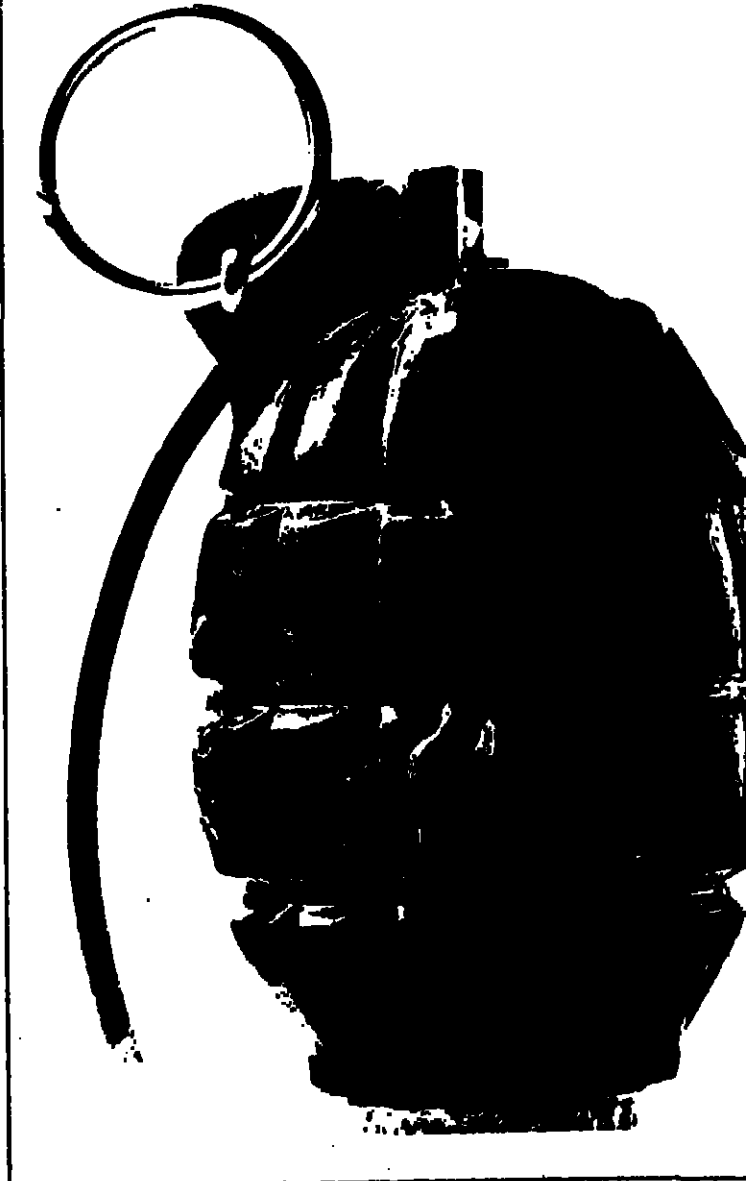
It's odd. Had we just killed him in Beirut, the whole world would have said: Well done. But no, we tried instead to capture him in a Lebanese airliner, and the world cannot understand how we had the audacity to interfere with civilian aviation.

Yariv is convinced that there was no danger to the passengers aboard the plane.

"This plan had been discussed by the responsible parties — and I know they are responsible. All the factors had been carefully considered. The political aspects and the international repercussions. I am positive that clear orders were given to ensure the safety of passengers, crew and plane, and I am convinced that those responsible for the interception were working on unimpeachable information that Habash was on the plane. It was an opportunity which had to be taken.

THE WAR AGAINST TERRORISM

Following Israel's interception of a Lebanese plane in which the terrorist leader, Dr. George Habash was thought to be travelling last Friday, HIRSH GOODMAN discussed with former Army Intelligence Chief Aluf (Res.) Aharon Yariv the imperatives, and the limits, of the war against Arab terrorism?



were almost universally acknowledged.

What are we supposed to do? asks Yariv. The fight against terrorism is worldwide. There is some international cooperation — both in detection and prevention — but not enough to constitute a viable deterrent. The penalties meted out to terrorists once they are caught are light. Only this week, three terrorists caught red-handed in Rome were allowed to go scot free. The same had happened in Greece, Germany and Austria before. Why shouldn't the terrorists operate when the chances of being killed, or even imprisoned, are so small? Even our attempts to negotiate extradition treaties with certain nations for people committing acts against Israeli interests abroad have been turned down flat.

"Extradition treaties are like a wedding, both sides must be interested. There is not one country in the world — not one — prepared to do this with us. Their reasons are political. Just as their light punishments are political. The fight against terrorism rests squarely on our shoulders, and we must do all we can."

International reluctance to act is even less understandable when one looks at the statistics. According to Aluf Yariv, since May 1972 — when the hijacked Sabena airliner landed at Lod — there have been 69 acts of Arab terrorism, of which only 49 were directed against Israel. The rest — nearly a third — were directed against non-Israeli objectives, such as the Trieste oilfields and targets in Germany and against Jordan — objectives which could not even indirectly be associated with Israel or the fight against Israel.

Israel has been successful in its fight, he feels. A large proportion of terrorist actions — over 70 per cent — were prevented before they could ever be carried out. Exactly how many, nobody could tell, for who knows how many planned actions one aborts by a raid like Beirut or by adopting adequate security measures? All in all, the price Israel is currently paying for its existence is small, Aluf Yariv feels. Never in the last 25 years has the right of the Jewish people to a state in Israel been maintained at a lower price. The terrorists are a harassment, but not a threat to Israel's existence. They have not affected the tourist industry, nor investment, nor air traffic, nor shipping. Diplomatic activity continues normally, as do commercial ties.

Terror, however, will be with us for a long time. There will always be volunteers for action from a pool of 15,000 to 18,000 people, especially when they are conscious that there is little to deter them from working in relative safety abroad. The chances are that they will continue to operate abroad, since the prospect of a renewal of activity across our borders is slight as long as the Arab states appreciate that they are not ready to risk a full-scale war with Israel — a war which would be inevitable should the borders be opened to the terrorists again. In Israel, terrorism has been virtually eliminated and the chances of successful action are very limited. But the terrorist movements have got to continue their operations if they are to survive, and they will continue to operate in the only areas open to them — abroad.

The last action in Athens — in which two gunmen murdered three innocent bystanders and injured 55 more in a daytime attack at the international airport — does not indicate any increase of the terrorists' readiness to die for their aims, Aluf Yariv felt. "There has been no basic change in Arab ideology, but I would hesitate to say that the terrorists are not prepared to die in their fight against Israel. They died in Cyprus when they attacked an Arkia plane on April 9, but I don't think they would make a

permanent peace in the Middle East is something we cannot expect for a long time.

"For the Arabs to make peace with us would be the ultimate concession, and why should they? They believe that time will destroy us. Yasser Arafat speaks in terms of a hundred years; Sadat and Gaddafi keep reminding their people that the Arabs have successfully ousted all invaders in the past — crusaders, Turks, Tartars. Even the intelligentsia, like 'Al Ahran' editor Hassenahin Heykal, claim that historical logic is against the continued existence of the State of Israel. How can one hundred million Arabs, who are so sensitive about their pride, make concessions to three million Jews? It will take a major change in their psychological make-up for peace to become a reality, and that we cannot expect for a long time to come.

"But what they don't realize, or want to realize, is that time is not against us. Along with the growing numerical gap, the qualitative and technological gap is also widening — in our favour. "We have only one danger to face — ourselves — and that is the reason I decided to go into politics, because I felt that only by taking part in the political process could I help meet that danger."



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THE SEAMEN ROCK THE BOATS



Israel's merchant mariners recently staged a wildcat strike. With negotiations now resumed between the seamen's union and the shipowners, YA'ACOV ARDON probes below deck for the causes of a dispute he believes is far from settlement.

THE SEAMEN kill the ships they love and do it with a strike. Oscar Wilde's lines, re-written to fit the disaster that struck Israel's Merchant Marine a week ago, brings home to us how reckless men can come near to destroying themselves in trying to achieve what they believe is the best for them. The week-long strike is merely in abeyance. Unless the seamen have second and less self-destructive thoughts, they may resume it as soon as they find out that the Secretary-General of the Histadrut, vigorous patron of the socially oppressed, may have doubts about the merits of their claims.

The poor human relations in Israel society are the result of a corporate national failure. They affect our conduct on the roads, in the health clinics, telephone exchanges, offices and factories — and on the ships. Any resemblance between the notorious seamen's strike of 22 years ago and that of last week is purely coincidental. In 1951, the seamen of a Merchant Marine that in retrospect looks minute, struck for self-determination in their fledgling union, for running their own affairs and not having them run by Histadrut bureaucrats with land-locked minds.

Poor human relations were at work even then. The Histadrut leaders regarded as wicked anything they did not control. The seamen were vilified as dissidents, Communists and traitors to the cause, and their strike was crushed by force. Yet they were, by and large, as fine a group of men as any nation could wish for its ships. They struck not for higher pay, but for a union that would suit their special needs, as different from those of men working on land as are those of a soldier and a civilian.

FROM THE strike of 1951, to that of last week stretched a long chain of failures in human relations. Labour Exchanges in the 'fifties (when they were still run by the Histadrut on the basis of the numerical strength of the Labour parties) were wont to regard misfits and trouble-makers as still good enough to go to sea. The police thought the same. In some cases, bad lots were indeed reformed, but it is more probable that the saints were converted by the sinners. If today we have smuggling by seamen often in broad daylight and condoned rather than prosecuted, it is due to that undeclared method of managing our merchant ships. If the slogan was "the best for aviation," the practice was "anybody for shipping." The public image of a seaman was badly tarnished.

It says a lot for the basic qualities and the potential of our seamen that they turned out as well as they did. It was hardly an undeserved tribute when Zim manager Moshe Kaahati described the seamen of today as a "capable, resourceful, reliable group of men." With the non-comprehension of, and contempt for, human relations that weaken so many social seams, the old manpower policy is still being pursued to this day. Any social psychologist could have pointed out that a superior kind of men is needed for work under the conditions of stress that long periods of absence from home, confined in close quarters with a limited number of companions and subject to strict discipline. Add to this that every vessel flying the Israel flag is a floating embassy in miniature and it becomes apparent that there is a case for very careful selection of the right type of man for work aboard our ships.

Innovations in ship propulsion and operation, in loading and unloading, called for more highly trained and technologically skilled personnel. The day of the sailor of old, unskilled except for brawn and quickness of mind and body, is gone. A new type of seaman is being hatched in the classroom, trained, through mathematics, mechanics and electrical engineering to handle the expensive automatic, electronic gear of today. By innate disposition, such men have more discipline, more understanding for the economic laws of the industry in which they serve.

Over the years, however, the new men serving as officers in the merchant marine came to feel less and less identity of interest with the ratings, the "other ranks" of the ships' crews, with whom they were allied in the Federated Seamen's Union. Last year the friction led to a rupture. The officers formed a union of their own, pleading differences of interests and outlook and an inability to enforce discipline in a shipboard reality of a widening intellectual gap and a narrowing differential in pay.



Between the two unions a contest developed as to who could squeeze more out of the ship owners. The owners retreated before threats of sanctions, or sanctions actually applied. The Histadrut proved a helpless bystander.

THE COLLECTIVE labour agreement with all seamen, officers and ratings, ran out at the end of 1972.

The officers started negotiations soon after the beginning of this year and after the usual bargaining, settled with the owners in April for the famous 40 per cent increase that was also granted to other big groups, among them the doctors. The increase had the blessing of the Ministerial Committee on Wages. The ratings, advised by a seaman turned lawyer, watched with interest, waited until the ink on the officers' contract was quite dry, and then came forward in May with demands which according to Mr. Kaahati, "added up to 125 or 126 per cent."

The talks with Zim — which usually negotiates the labour contracts on behalf of the entire industry — went on for about two months. During this time, again according to Mr. Kaahati, the demands shrank to 86 per cent, but the owners still refused to go beyond 40 per cent. Early in July, the ratings' union served notice of a "labour dispute," which must precede any lawfully conducted strike by 15 days. The Zim management and the union continued to meet, talk and disagree. The Transport Ministry and the Histadrut stood by passively.

On the morning of Friday, August 3, the ratings' union secretary decided, at an extraordinary meeting of representatives of the three divisions deck, engine and catering staffs — to call what it called "a partial strike" on all Israel ships in Israeli ports as of 6 o'clock on Sunday morning. About a dozen ships then docked in the three ports were to be prevented from leaving. The shipowners said they first heard the news of the strike over the radio: Had they been given advance notice, they might have tried to get some of the ships to weigh anchor before Sunday morning.

THE UNION LEADERS have to this day refused to be specific about their claims. They would not go beyond saying that "Kaahati's estimate of 86 per cent is exaggerated," and "We want to speak of pounds, not percentages, you can't speak percentages." Gradually, however, their viewpoint emerged: they wanted the old differential between ratings' and officers' pay to be carried over into the new contract. That is to say, if under the old contract, an officer received IL2,000, and a rating IL1,500, and under the new contract, the officer was receiving IL2,800, the rating should now get IL2,800.

The Zim manager, refusing to abandon the old ratio, in a language used in negotiations all the world over, made it clear that the demands were unacceptable. Neither he nor the other shipping companies have so far budged from their stand. And for compelling reasons. The officers' union has made it very clear to the shipowners (and also to the Histadrut) that if the employers grant the ratings higher increases than those approved by the Ministerial Committee on Wages, it will at once claim the same increases for themselves. In other words, they will not put up with any narrowing of the wage gap between themselves and the ratings. On that count alone, the owners are caught between Scylla and Charybdis.

What are the merits of the ratings' claim? When you hear them explain their case, it sounds as if the owners are gubbling over a few extra pounds of basic pay. The owners' version says exactly the opposite: that the Israel seaman is already among the highest-paid in the world, surpassed only by his U.S. and West German counterpart. Whence the discrepancy? The secretary of the officers' union clears up the mystery. "You must distinguish between pay rates and actual earnings. The rates look low, but what counts is the actual take-home pay of the ratings. Among the higher grades they are often above those of the officers on the same ship."

WHY DO the seamen say they are underprivileged with such earnings? Shlomo Avitan, one of the ratings' union secretaries: "You can't compare a seaman's job with that of anybody ashore. We are at our places of work, 24 hours a day, doing overtime and extra duties round the week — work-days, weekends, holidays. Some men sail for three months through changing climates that affect their health, stop at foreign ports for only 24 hours, come home for barely 48. Compare what we earn with what a port worker gets for one or two shifts — and then goes home. We would rather not do overtime."

What he says is true, but not the whole story. Going to sea is not merely an occupation, but a way of life. Seamen will tell you that being away from their families is a privation for which they should be compensated; but many of them go to sea because they do not want to be with their families all the time. The pay rates are attractive, no matter what the union says. Many seamen are known to have saved enough to own taxicabs, steak taverns and other business enterprises. The drop-out rate is high. As the men grow older, the spirit of adventure wanes.

Comparisons with other maritime nations are interesting. Last March, the Shipping Research Institute in Haifa published a detailed study on seamen's rates of pay here and abroad, taking all the elements into carefully adjusted account. It found that for similar ships, a British company spends 13 per cent less on wages, an Italian company, 26 per cent less, than an Israeli company, but that a German one spends 15 per cent more.

It is no wonder the shipping companies are now determined to stop at that 40 per cent. Their ability to compete in the world market is at stake. On the ships of leading maritime nations, cheap foreign labour is displacing costly indigenous labour. Zim, more than other Israel firms, is near the brink, with a profit rate shrunk to one per cent of turn-over this year. A still higher outlay on wages will simply drive it off a highly competitive, unprotected market. If the ratings will it, they can turn the Israel flag into one of inconvenience. It can then be kept flying only if the taxpayer subsidizes it. In the last round of the contest, still to come, it will be up to Mr. Sapir and Mr. Ben-Aharon to utter the last word on whether we can afford a commercially viable shipping industry or whether we shall have to scuttle it.

An Israeli in Rumania

The Socialist Republic of Rumania is the only one of the Warsaw Pact countries which maintains normal relations with Israel. Among the many facets of that normality is the constant and growing two-way stream of tourists between Lod and Bucharest. CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER has recently returned from a visit to Rumania: here are some of her observations.

"WORTH WHILE" visiting Rumania? asked a friend soon after my return. The question was casual, the tone dubious. I wondered whether to remind him that before my departure, when I myself had been doubtful, he had been one of many people to assure me what a breathtakingly beautiful country it was. (Those who didn't mention the scenery had dropped hints about "all those beautiful blouses"!)

My celluloid impression of the Black Sea resorts was bright, sparkling and new, now, new. Almost half of the country's 250,000 beds for tourists are at present concentrated there; but now in the midst of a five-year, five billion lei (about ILL.7 billion) tourist development programme, the Rumanians are now concentrating on the development of spas and mountain resorts.

After an intensive week's tour of the country at the invitation of El Al and the Rumanian Ministry of Tourism, my answer is, Yes. Yes, if you are looking for a complete change of atmosphere, a break from the Israeli summer, lush pine forests, stunning mountain scenery, unspoilt villages and comfortable, inexpensive hotels. No, if you are a pampered, Hilton-oriented, international traveler with gourmet tastes looking for sophisticated nightlife, expecting a major shopping spree. Then, the only thing Rumania has to offer is the Bucharest Intercontinental, much like any big American-style hotel anywhere, about \$50 per couple per night, with rooftop swimming pool, sauna and health club, and so on. (The Intercontinental is, incidentally, the only hotel not owned by the Ministry of Tourism.) For our party of 15 Israeli journalists it was not the star attraction.

The most striking first impressions of Bucharest are — in contrast to Tel Aviv — spotless cleanliness and the absence of traffic. All relative of course: our bus driver got very impatient if a "traffic jam" consisted of half a dozen cars. We wondered how he would feel in the Tel Aviv rush hour. The rarity of private cars is easy to understand when one learns that the price of the locally assembled Decca car is the same as a small Volkswagen in Israel, and that the average Rumanian worker earns one third of an Israeli worker's wage.

Rumania is the only Eastern bloc country that encourages two-way traffic with Israel, which offers a special reduction in travel tax to Rumania: a group flight costs ILL.080 inclusive, reduced by ILL.100 for any Israeli applying to the Interior Ministry for a "Rumania only" laissez-passer. Carpatl (a division of the Rumanian Tourism Ministry) are trying to attract more Israelis, and have opened kosher restaurants in Sibiu and several other resorts this summer. Pack-ago deal holidays with kosher meals are also available. Ten Israeli guides are now spending three months in the more popular summer resorts, to welcome groups of Israeli tourists.

BUCHAREST'S WIDE, tree-lined avenues are reminiscent of Paris; baroque architecture often recalls Lisbon or Madrid, and the wooded lake area to the north is as well kept and green as a London park. The beautiful architecture of the former "Paris of Eastern Europe" remains, though the sparkle and gaiety of the big metropolis is gone. There are a few outdoor cafes in the centre where a well-behaved clientele sips its drinks and an occasional street sweeper or car driver (a woman as often as a man) passes by. There is certainly more feeling of regimentation and discipline here than in other, smaller towns.

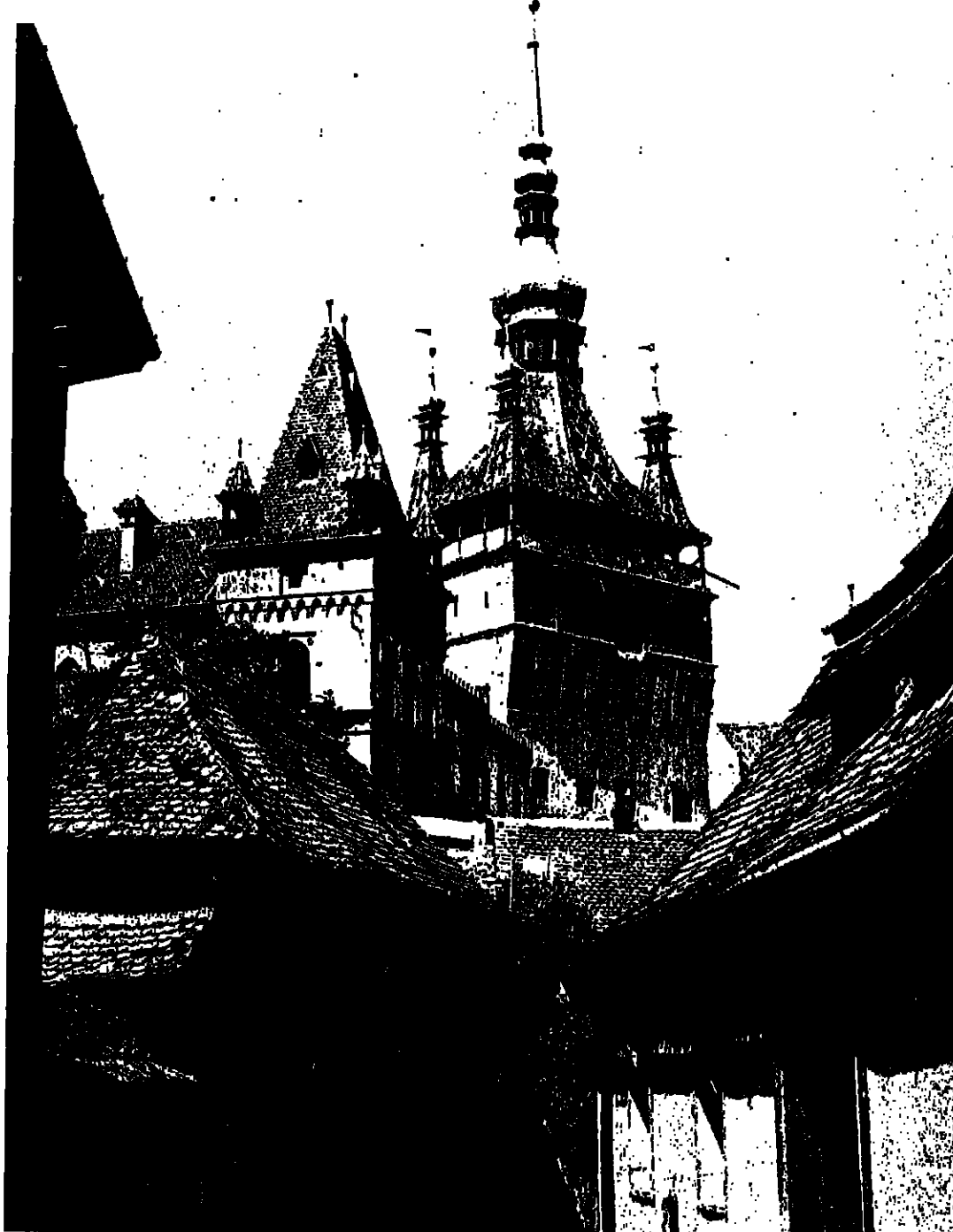
Window shopping in Bucharest (in fact everywhere) is limited. There is little to buy except peasant shirts, embroidered tablecloths and local salami. This does, of course, ensure no undue strain on the Israeli tourist's holiday budget. You may, if you are lucky, find more imaginative items of peasant art or pottery being sold on "unofficial" stalls in the villages.

OUR WEEK-LONG trip comprised a 750-km. circular route going north-west from Bucharest through the Carpathian Mountains, north as far as Sighisoara in Transylvania, eastward to the Danube Delta, and back to Bucharest via Brasov. We saw spas, mountains, summer and winter resorts and varied countryside.

Another commodity in short supply is fresh fruit. All we found on sale were a few Jaffa oranges. This is a reflection of government policy since the end of World War II; then, 70 per cent of the population were farmers; today, 60 per cent of the country's workers are in industry. Hopefully, the picturesque farming villages and their peasant inhabitants, unchanged in hundreds of years, will not be allowed to disappear in the march of progress.

As Israel's seaside resorts will certainly be no attraction for you," explained George Dumitru, the director-general of Carpatl, but as a compromise we were shown "a Black Sea films" of the Black Sea coast and the Danube Delta. (The Rumanians seem to be sold on this method of advertising: at one cabaret we went to the high spot, a mixture of modest striptease to a background of tourist propaganda films.)

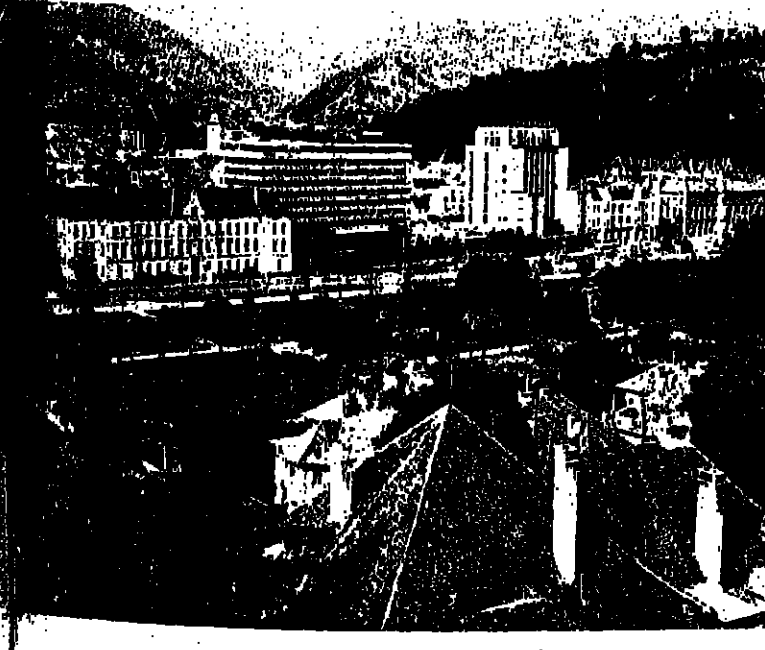
Our brief tour of Bucharest included a visit to the ancient synagogue with its beautiful timbered interior. This is Rabbi Rosen's congregation, where Prime Minister Golda Meir attended a Friday night service during her visit to Rumania last year. The synagogue's 500 seats are well occupied on Saturdays, we were told, whilst on high holidays the outdoor courtyard is packed to capacity.



Sighisoara: the ancient clock tower in the walled city. (Below) Traffic jams are almost unknown in Bucharest's wide, tree-lined boulevards. The city was once known as "the Paris of E. Europe"



Sinaia-Moldova is a quiet, Victorian spa set in wooded mountains.



Polana Brasov, a well developed ski resort and tourist centre (above) is near the country's second-largest city, Brasov (below).



A sweltering humid freak heatwave broke, and we left Bucharest in stormy weather, driving through endless new high-rise housing developments on the outskirts of the capital (what is the Rumanian word for *skyscraper*?) through the industrial town of Pitesti — centre of the country's oil and petro-chemical industry. Our first sight of the Carpathian mountains was, sadly, obliterated by mist and cloud. Mountain streams which should have been trickles were swollen to gushing torrents; but the weather improved, and we were able to appreciate the full beauty of the region. Callmanesti-Caculata is one of many spa resorts we visited.

Friends who have experienced it tell me that treatment in Rumanian spas is of high professional standard, with each patient's medical needs, and that after-effects are extremely satisfactory. At Callmanesti-Caculata, one of the many we visited, ILL.100 per person seemed a reasonable price for a comfortable room with full board and treatment, and a swimming-pool filled with water from the resort's hot sulphur springs.

En route to Sibiu, we passed endless villages with their red-roofed, white-painted houses and their terraces, with arched supports, a most picturesque ancient town with a walled Crusader fortress and ancient timbered clock-tower, from which there are stunning views of the surrounding hills and forests.

COFFEE WAS another of the variables of the trip — I agree with those who recommend taking along one's own jar of instant coffee. Much of what we were served had a strong oily flavour, though the Turkish coffee we sampled in Slonac's park cafe was the best of the week, made in copper jugs which are set in heated sand to allow it to brew thoroughly. "We have spas for everything," quipped one Rumanian. "The problem is that Rumanians prefer Teulia to mineral waters!" Speech was far freer than we had imagined and jokes flowed freely during the trip, touching even on political matters. There was the story of the American amazed at the low prices quoted to him by a Russian doctor for various operations. "And how much will it cost to have a tooth extracted?" "A million roubles," was the answer. "In our country, it's very expensive to open your mouth."

IN SLONAC MOLDOVA, where we made an overnight stop, a special atmosphere was immediately apparent. The Moldavians move slowly and sedately; their houses nestle closely together in contrast with the Transylvanian villages. People sit on the front porches, quiet observers on narrow, winding streets. The town was built in 1801, the main buildings of the spa, in the 1880s. The park surrounding the sanatorium and the adjacent pavilions, formerly the casino, add a state-of-the-art quality to the Eastern European architecture, with its decorative onion domes.

As we left Slonac, another small piece of evidence of friendly Israel-Rumania trade relations caught my eye: the souvenir seller's wares were stowed in a Jaffa orange crate. Reluctantly, we drove away from rustic Transylvania and Moldavia to visit Brasov, the country's second largest metropolis. The 16th century city centre of Brasov is the ancient market square. The town's rambling old wine cellars are now converted into a multi-level complex of bars, restaurants and night clubs. The Carpatl Carpatini is geared strictly for tourists, and folklore programmes include local songs and dances as well as national favourites to cater to clients' tastes. For our benefit, they sang "Jerusalem the Golden" and "Hava Nagila."

We wandered through Slonac's wooded park on a quiet Sunday morning. The townfolk were strolling decorously after church, taking regular swigs from little plastic bottles. No, it was not vodka they were tipping — not even Teulia, the popular national drink, but local sulphur mineral waters beneficial for kidney and stomach disorders. Long, orderly queues formed as people waited to protect them from the drizzle. Mineral water was popular, rain-water less so.

HERE, AS in many other restaurants, Israeli flags welcomed us on our tables. This all seemed a direct contradiction of El Al's stern security briefing and instructions not to be "conspicuously Israeli"; but a top government official assured us that, under a regime where strict control can be exercised over every local and foreign resident, there is no need for such matters. In the middle of a dance — a kind of gentleman's "excuse me" — a young man kissed both my hands and waltzed me off. His

Like many of the hotels we stayed in, the Perla at Slonac was a mixture of total efficiency and complete lack of it. Our meal was beautifully served, and included delicious local young trout. The telephone call I booked to

opening gambit was unforgettable. "I'm from Cairo," he said. "And you?" "I don't think you'd like it if I told you," I replied. When he grasped the point he departed hastily, regaining his poise sufficiently to add, "Never mind. I'm very broadminded!" As we filed out of the restaurant later, my Egyptian dance partner bade me a friendly goodbye.

Our guide Manuel was a man of infinite patience and a fund of knowledge, always careful to resist showing us one sight too many, sensitive to our interests and wishes. Thanks largely to him, even by Day Six of a very tight itinerary, all of us were alert and ready to see more. Polana Brasov, a ski resort near Brasov, gave us a distinctly pleasant taste of Rumania's winter attractions. The snows were gone, but distant peaks were still white. 1,500 metres up in the crisp mountain air of the Postaverul peak, we sampled a new variation of Rumania's national drink — hot Teulia tea, the local version of *Ghiseuta*. It kept us warm and glowing all the way down again in the chair lift. The Dacia Grance restaurant at the foot of the mountain is a medieval, timbered hut in the style of the country's ancient tribes, its interior lined in fox skins. Even the gypsy musicians there included the inevitable "Jerusalem the Golden" in their repertoire. The country-style meal was well up to the standards and atmosphere of the setting.

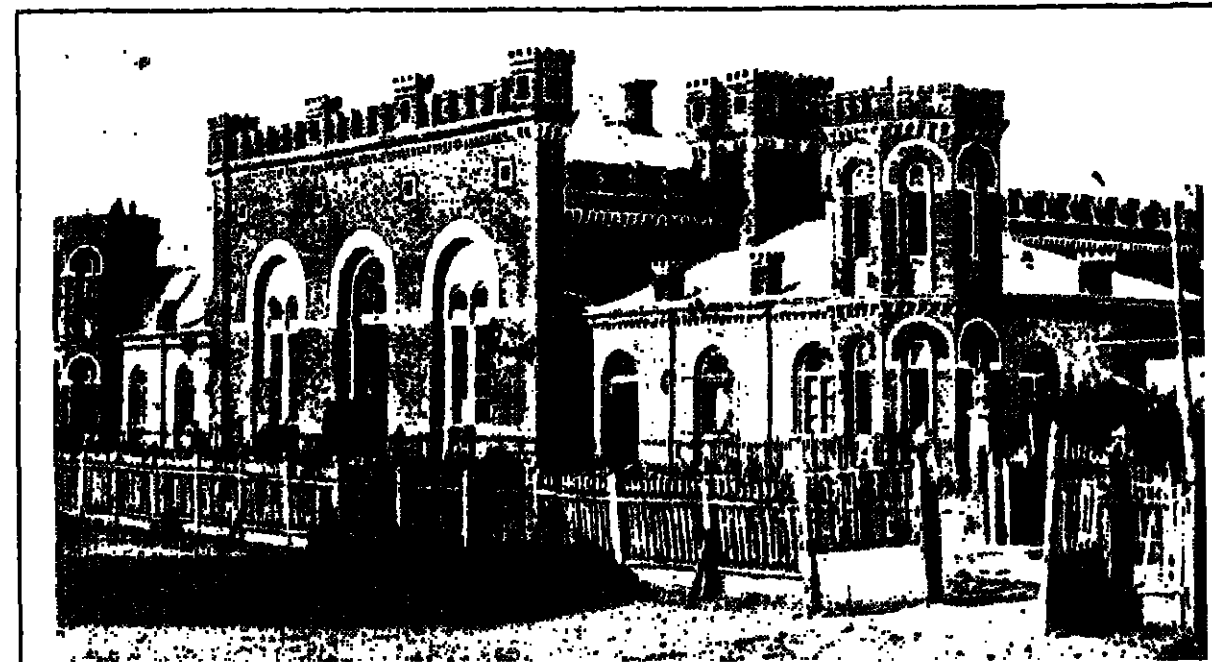
CARPATI EXPECTS a total of three million tourists this year, of which it hopes that 10,000 will be Israeli. Those who have visited the country before and returned disappointed by poor hotels and facilities should find many improvements. The older tourist, accustomed to go to Switzerland for a summer cure, may find that Rumania offers a fair substitute at far lower prices. There seems more to attract the middle-aged than the younger bracket of tourists, though both ski and sea possibilities could provide a reasonably priced family holiday.

Rumania is currently aiming at attracting a new type of Israeli tourist — not those of Rumanian origin who are sentimentally motivated to visit the country of his birth, but the potential traveller who may never in his wildest dreams have considered a holiday in Rumania.

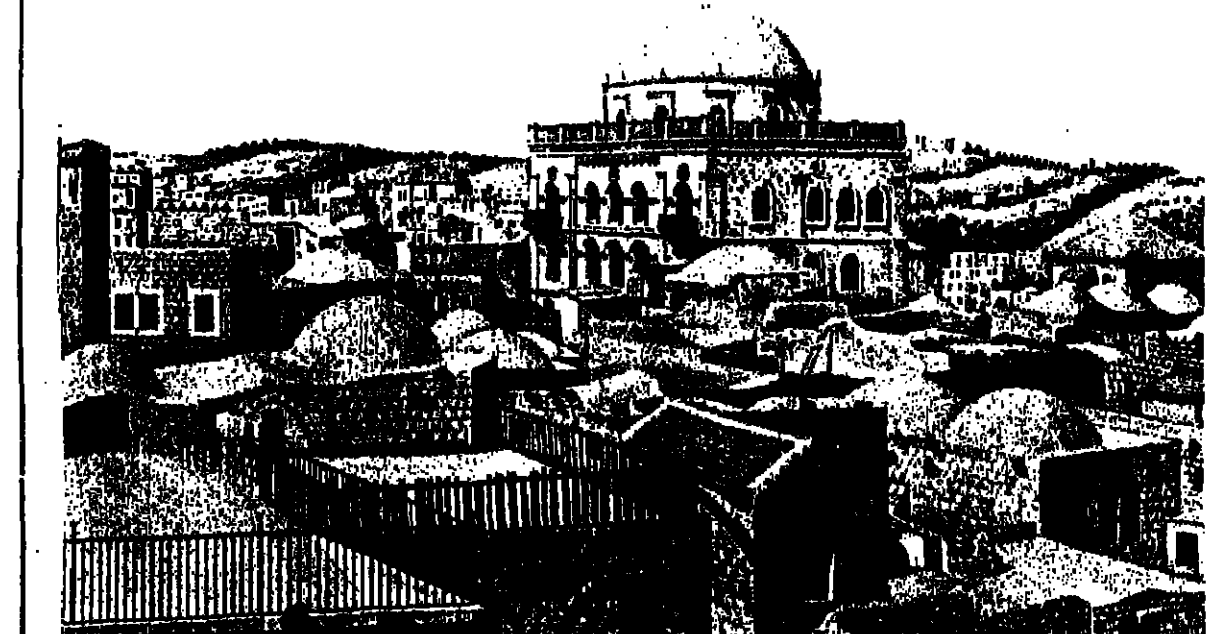
I certainly belonged in the latter category, and it was only a chance invitation that took me there. I don't believe that price alone is the decisive factor that will attract more Israelis to head for Bucharest. Polana Brasov, the Black Sea, I do feel, however, that if the tourist is provided with the comforts and attractions our party experienced — and we were assured that we were being treated as "average" tourists — Rumania's efforts deserve every success.

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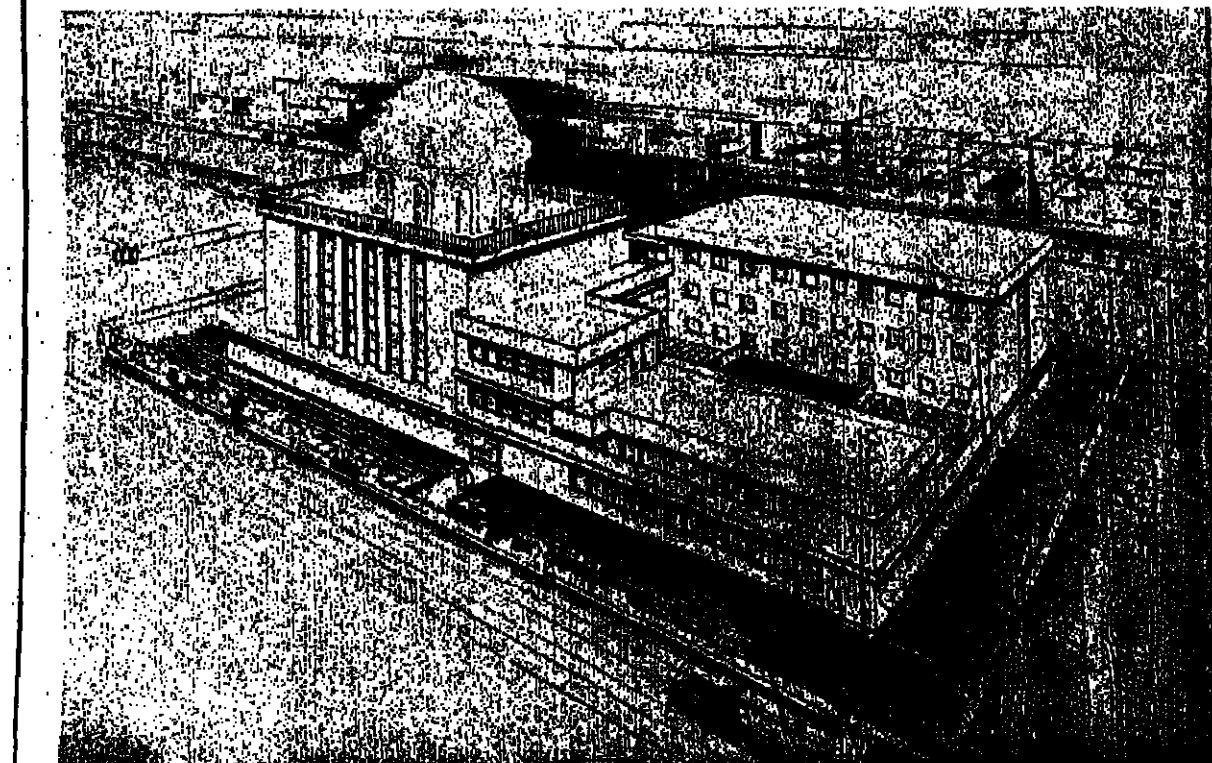
Jerusalem is to have once again a "Tiferet Israel" synagogue which will be part of a World Centre of the Ruzhin Hassidic movement. Rabbi Dr. ISRAEL WEINSTOCK, head of the Institute for Kabbala and Hassidism in Jerusalem and a descendant of the founder of the dynasty, describes its origins.



The synagogue at the Rabbi's court in Sadagora. (Below) The "Tiferet Israel" synagogue in the Old City, better known as the "Nissan Bak", which was dedicated in 1872 and destroyed in 1948.



The new "Tiferet Israel" Yeshiva complex in Romema, Jerusalem. The foundation-stone for the Hall of Prayer on the left was laid this week to mark the anniversary of the original synagogue.



מזכרון האל

The Ruzhiner Dynasty

JUST OVER 101 years ago, the Tiferet Yisrael Synagogue was dedicated with great pomp in the Old City of Jerusalem. Named for Rabbi Yisrael Friedmann, founder of the Ruzhin Hassidic dynasty, it became more popularly known as the Nissan Bak Synagogue, after the man who raised the funds for it and supervised its construction.

For more than 75 years, the beautiful synagogue was the pride of Jerusalem, but along with the rest of the Jewish places of worship in the Old City, it was wantonly destroyed by the Jordanians after the 1948 war.

Last Sunday, at a site in Romema, the new Tiferet Yisrael Yeshiva complex was dedicated, and the cornerstone was laid for a new synagogue and a world headquarters for the Ruzhin movement.

RABBI YISRAEL Friedmann was the son of the founder of the Ruzhin dynasty, Rabbi Shalom of Proshch, himself a grandson of Rabbi Dov "Great Maggid" or preacher of Mesritch who was the successor of the Besht, Rabbi Baal Shem Tov, the founder of modern Hassidism.

Yisrael Friedmann was only 16 years old when he succeeded his father in 1813, but his piety and wisdom, enhanced by great personal charm, soon gained him the reverence of the masses as well as the recognition of the leading sages of the day.

Moving to Ruzhin, the young rabbi built himself a palatial residence where he lived in great splendour. When he travelled, it was in a carriage with silver fittings, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by an entourage of attendants.

The court of Ruzhin quickly became the spiritual centre of the Russian Jewry who, downtrodden and deprived of civic and human rights, suddenly saw before them a kind of regal saint, and they flocked to Rabbi Yisrael from far and near, both to seek his religious guidance and to bask in his glory. And it was not only crowds of pious Hassidim that could be found at the Ruzhiner's court: distinguished non-Jewish intellectuals and high-ranking noblemen also came to listen to the wisdom of this great sage and pay homage to him.

THE RUSSIAN authorities were traditionally suspicious of anyone who made himself conspicuous, and as the years passed they became apprehensive of the rumours that Rabbi Yisrael was actually a rebel at heart, who aimed at nothing less than restoring the throne of David and proclaiming himself King of the Jews.

An opportunity to take action against him occurred in 1838, when 80 Jews of Ushitz, in the province of Podolia, were arrested for complicity in the murder of two regiments of Cossacks. The fact that Rabbi Yisrael had passed through the town some months earlier provided an excuse to implicate him in the affair, and he was arrested and put in solitary confinement, first in Kamenez-Podlak and later in Kiev.

After 22 months, the charge of complicity in the murder had to be dropped for want of evidence, but accusation concerning "royal" aspirations was still under

investigation, and Rabbi Yisrael was ordered to remain under police surveillance. He was given permission to move, with his family, to Kishinev, in Bessarabia.

When his followers learned confidentially, that a ministerial decree had been signed for his banishment to Siberia, they smuggled him across the border into Rumania. After a short stay in Jassey, he finally moved to Bukovina, part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

All the Russian attempts to get him returned to their jurisdiction were unavailing, and Rabbi Yisrael Friedmann — as Ben Shalom, as he was henceforth known — was eventually given permission to reside permanently within the Empire.

In 1841, he decided to make his home on the large estate near Sadagora, in Bukovina, which his followers had bought in his name. In due course, his family were given permission to leave Russia and join him.

This marked the end of the Rabbi's migrations, but as a matter of precaution, he acquired Turkish nationality for himself and his entire family and — Eretz Israel then being under Turkish rule — registered as a "citizen of Jerusalem" (a status that his descendants maintained until very recent times).

AT SADAGORA, "The Ruzhiner," as he continued to be called, revived the glories of his former court. The Torah ark in the sanctuary where he prayed was exquisitely wrought in silver, supported on a stand of solid silver. The food at his table was served on silver plates and eaten with golden cutlery.

Hassidim from all over Russia and Poland made pilgrimages to the new centre of Hassidism, where the splendour of the way of life was completely contrary to the accepted standards of devout Jewry throughout the ages. But in the eyes of his contemporaries, the Tzaddik behaved thus not for his own aggrandisement, but as a way of serving the Lord. His court, at Sadagora as at Ruzhin, was constantly filled with the sound of music and dancing. The only thing that ever brought sadness to his heart, it was said, was the suffering of others.

"Wherever a Jew suffers," he once exclaimed, "I feel his pain. I feel it in the suffering of the Divine Presence. In every man there is a spark of the divine; he who hurts a man, hurts the Father in Heaven."

He left no written record of the doctrines he used to expound, in simple language, to his followers, illustrating them with homely stories and parables. Asked why he did not record his teachings, he once replied: "Others write books. I, thank heaven, have brought forth some. They will tell all who wish to hear what I wish to God them — that there is my child in the world. Through my children, all will know what God is."

It was in 1841, the year he established himself in Sadagora, that Rabbi Yisrael initiated the Kotel Wolynia Fund for the settlement of Hassidim in Eretz Israel. Shortly after its foundation, he had a visit from Nissan Bak, son of Yisrael Bak who was just setting up the first printing press in Jerusalem to replace the one he had formerly established in Safed.

Nissan Bak told Rabbi Yisrael

bundled up for the night in our sleeping bags.

GETTING CAMELS ready to travel is an involved process. The jerry can of water has to be balanced carefully against some freight of the same weight on the other side. The saddle-pack of wonderfully colourful wool goes over the wooden, twin-horned saddle itself. Then comes a collection of blankets and finally the sleeping bags, the ultimate in padding. The fitting-out process took Mohammed and Suleiman almost an hour each time, and since the camels were unloaded at every stop, had to be repeated three or four times a day.

If the camel is the ship of the desert, ours certainly gave the impression of being very frail vessels. Either they were particularly sensitive or else that's the way the animal has to be treated. A three-hour trek was all the camel drivers would allow. Then, the beasts had to be watered and rested. If we chanced upon water, they also had to drink — after being laboriously unloaded. At times, our path took us through some slippery, rocky stretch. For me, on foot, it was easy. The camel riders had to dismount.

Just before entering the Firan, we spent one night at a few hundred metres from an encampment of the Ulat Sa'id tribe. There is a Beduin proverb that says, "Wahak be'd walla ulat-Sa'id," — "Pitch your camp far away but never with the Ulat Sa'id." We tested it and found it to be accurate.

Stockman said that in accordance with the Beduin tradition of hospitality, a traveller is either put up in the guest-house for the night or else invited into one of the homes. He may also be offered a kid at a reasonable price to cook for his dinner, and is expected to invite his host to partake of it. Since we were really too strange to be asked into the encampment, one of the tribesmen came over carrying a kid. He seemed very sure of his sale, and both Mohammed and Suleiman were already licking their chops in anticipation.

The local Beduin first showed off all the kid's fine points. This skinny little animal, that seemed to know the score and bleated accordingly, was offered to us for what the Beduin said was a bargain price: IL75. Stockman said no. He wouldn't pay more than IL60. They haggled for an hour.

Then, in defiance of Beduin custom, our goat salesman picked up his merchandise and walked off. We had bully beef again.

Our final destination was the Firan Oasis, the biggest in all Sinai. There we paid off our camel drivers and bade them farewell.

We were tired, dirty, unshaven and right out of provisions. Fortunately we were able to buy some sort, if not very cold, drinks before setting off to hitchhike to Abu Rodels. We were also elated and proud at having made the trek, with all its discomforts. According to knowledgeable sources, our route has been taken only by the army and an archaeologist once or twice. But that will not be true much longer. According to the Ministry of Labour, a road suitable for buses, four-wheeled drive vehicles and, of course, camels is planned. It will be ready by next year.

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Guttman pictures for your poems

Miriam Arad



One of Nahum Guttman's delightful drawings around which the reader can weave a story.

PAINTER NAHUM Guttman had some drawings which, for want of a story to go with, were stuck away in a drawer and feeling bored. Then, if we ought to believe the introduction to ANI OHEV LITVITZ, they were (I like to think) Draw, Sifriyat Poalim, 45 pp., along came Mira Meir, and there came the boy's eye view of girls in a gossiping gaggle; or the one about the frustrations of a tailor who sewed a dress for a big fat moon, and when it came to the fitting stage found only a stately silver of a one.

I suppose the best of the poems are those that fit the pictures most inevitably, like the one about travelling — "I don't care where or why/ Low or high/ The main thing is to see/ And be in a different place"; the boy's eye view of girls in a gossiping gaggle; or the one about the frustrations of a tailor who sewed a dress for a big fat moon, and when it came to the fitting stage found only a stately silver of a one.

I don't know whether it is because Mira Meir ran out of poems or not, but the idea of leaving a few pictures poemless at the end of the book for each reader to think up a story around for himself is wonderful anyway. It's the more wonderful as those pictures are just about the most interesting of all, e.g., a runaway monkey who sets a careful of watermelons flying, or an extremely resigned-looking turtle and an indignant snail apparently caught in mid-discussion (about lettuce?) about the jet-age? about lettuce? over a glass of wine. It'll be a rare child of about 5-7 who'll be able to resist those.

ODED BOURLA delights in small, irrelevant detail, and some of his characters in big, irrelevant nonsense. Of two new collections of his short stories for 5-8, I prefer FA'AM V'FOOD FA'AM (pp. 11-22), (Once and Once Again, Tel Aviv, Am Oved, drawings by the author, 28 pp.), which is mainly concerned with inexperienced baby-animals and their baffling encounters with life. What I like about Bourla, among many many other things, is his dry, uncompromisingly adult sense of humor, and what our theatre-orbits might call his throw away

Standards

Alan Pryce-Jones

THE 1970s have to be combated in modest ways, to begin with. Just try not to be deceived, whether in politics, art or daily living, by the utter rubbish which will be set up as desirable. Which means asserting that some products, attitudes, concepts, have greater value than others.

There is at the moment running in New York a musical "A Little Night Music." It is one of the few Broadway shows for which seats are truly hard to get, and it has been greeted with rapture by the critics and by much of the public as an exquisite, even an elevated, experience.

True, it is pretty to look at, and its lyrics are deft; otherwise it offers fare as nourishing as an old sponge-cake, sugary and friable. In better days it would have run for a week or two. But because nostalgia is a new catch word, because convention is feeble, and discussion about theatre almost non-existent, pretty deftness gets by. It is confounded with mastery.

If standards were asserted, much the same could be said of books recently greeted only because the author once exhibited a talent, then stretched it a little, and gained a brief seat in the hall of fame — which is at best only an annex to the palace of art.

But standards are not asserted. In the tough 1970s what counts is making a little go a long way. It is the bright improvisation, the skilled twist to an arm. It is that twist which must be resisted, so that the dim and the shabby are stripped of false glamour.

Do not always be impressed by the face on the cover of "Time" magazine. Do not give all your praise to the clever ladies of women's liberation without so much as a thought for George Elliot. Cultivate judgment.

Such activities sound priggish. Begging the world to be wise is not more attractive than railing at it. But as the 1970s proceed there does appear to be an unusual absence of wisdom on all hands and a failure of judgment which is communicated like a virus from one area of living to another.

Here, surely, the individual can help. He may not be able to rise up and change the wickedness of the age; but at the least he can refuse to be deceived; a refusal which means a great deal of hard work, and very few earthly rewards.

In the 1960s there was much solemn talk about the idea of "commitment." At the time it amounted to whether or not art should be interlocked with society. The more essential commitment today is to the artist's own vision.

From "The Times" Literary Supplement, May 25.

The terrible summer of 1944

THE SUMMER THAT BLEED, The Biography of Hannah Senesh, by Anthony Masters, London, Michael Joseph, 349 pp. £15 or British Council Library, Jerusalem.

Aviva Even-Paz

THE TROUBLE is that the name has become a cliché. What does one think of? A pale dreamer, a pale face, a poem, something about a match burning — it all seems so old hat and trite, "Zionist," the warming over of old embers.

"The Summer that Bled" dispels this attitude in short order. It is absorbing, interesting and terribly disturbing — and the most amazing thing about it is that it is written by a non-Jew.

Anthony Masters, a young English novelist, seems to have identified himself effortlessly and unselfishly with the Jewish plight and with Hannah Senesh, so much so, in fact, that without didacticism or tendentiousness he gives meaning to what otherwise might seem to be some an exercise in martyrdom. Why did this young girl volunteer for what was obviously the hopeless and suicidal mission of trying to save Hungarian Jewry? Was it a form of madness, an expression of romantic, adolescent feelings? I confess that, before reading this book, I used to think a little along these lines, but I don't think so any more. If her mission had succeeded even partially, she would have been obviously vindicated, even despite its total failure, she needs no vindication. There are some actions that are their own justification. One must do what is right and who knows what the reverberations will be?

TOGETHER with the story of Hannah Senesh, Masters chronicles the events leading up to the doom of the Jews of Hungary; even though one knows the inevitable end, his narrative never fails to interest. We know what is going to happen, we see the net closing in as month follows month during the terrible summer of 1944. Yet still we feel something must happen the frightfulness, the mad, unnecessary frightfulness will be overruled. Because all the time, until the final rounding up of the Hungarian Jews had converged in November 1944, and until the negotiations between the Jewish Rescue Committee, headed by Reszo Kasner, and the Nazis, led of course by Eichmann.

It is no exaggeration to say that Kasner is at least as interesting a figure as Hannah, a Shakespearean hero with all the ingredients of heroic drama: honour, friendship, conflicting loyalties, danger and power. Kasner was generally admitted to be a brilliant man. Born in the small town of Kij, he soon made his way to Budapest, where, even with a fascist regime in power, he realised this was the place to make his mark. Alex Weisberg, in his book,

"Advocate for the Dead," quotes Joel Brand, another member of the Rescue Committee, as saying, "Nevertheless, with all his weaknesses and mistakes, Kasner was a man who put his heart and soul into the rescue of the Jewish people and who achieved a very great deal. Timid by nature, he nevertheless showed a marvellous courage at critical moments," such as negotiating with Eichmann who emerges as the third significant figure in this drama.

And, strangely enough, it was the worldly-wise, devious Kasner who achieved at least part of what Hannah could not do — saving at least a tiny remnant. Time and again Kasner put his head into the lion's den. At one point Eichmann says to Kasner, "Your nerve is going, Kasner. I'll have to send you to Theresienstadt for a cure. Or would you prefer Auschwitz?"

HANNAH CAME from a comfortable, intellectual, Jewish bourgeois background. From her earliest years she was different and others felt it. Masters says Hannah was not a pretty girl, yet several boys fell in love with her and wanted to marry her. What attracted them? Stocky, plump when she was young, with a round face and warm green-blue eyes, she was the daughter of a Hungarian Jewish playwright-ecologist, who wrote elegant, fashionable, witty plays — one remembers the early life of Herzl. People felt her rocky independence, her refusal to be guided by anything but her own light. She possessed a sagacity and discrimination astonishing in one so young. The Budapest Protestant High School, in a sudden access of liberalism, had opened its doors for the first time to Jews and Catholics. But the Catholics had to pay double, and the Jews triple! The Germans did not exactly find unfertile ground for their activities in Hungary. Hannah was one of Jews accepted. Because she was so outstanding at her studies, the school, at a tremendous concession, reluctantly agreed at the end of the first year that her fees should be reduced to those of the Catholics.

but rather a great wide shield upon which everyone is placed side by side. But I can't really believe in this."

SHE FELT most at home in the kibbutz, but still she wrote: "The basic function of the kibbutz is to afford satisfaction to all its members. No one is able to live long as a blind instrument used only to further a social aim. He will only be content if he himself moves towards his goal. Even if a socialist slogan is placed on a mountain peak as a constant spur and incentive, we must not forget that if the members do not feel fresh air all round them when they reach the peak, if they do not sense a broader horizon, if they do not feel free — if they are considered only as working robots who blindly come and go — then all the efforts will have been wasted. For what is the use of a man reaching the mountain peak if he can't appreciate all the beauty around him because he is broken in body and spirit?"

But although, wherever she went in Palestine — Nahalal, Ginosar, Sdot Yam — she was admired, and her qualities recognised, she herself was restless and dissatisfied. She had found no focal point (she turned down several offers of marriage), she was eaten up with fear for her mother Catherine, still in Budapest, and her brother George (Giora) in occupied France. And so her inevitable road was being mapped out, first the Palmach and then the Palestine Jewish parachute mission to Europe, originally destined to land in Hungary, but changed by the British to a landing in Yugoslavia — the first of many cruel setbacks. It was this mission which Hannah had subconsciously been waiting for. It helped, since the Allies had only been so far from the end of the war, that they would have no certain now in that Hannah's restlessness was really the response of a haunted sensitive and perceptive soul to what was going on in Europe.

OTHERS COULD regard building up the land as the only true and abiding answer which it was, but in the meanwhile, millions, including her nearest and dearest were destined for death. Masters recounts the astounding story of Hannah's eventual acceptance into the small band of parachutists. It may not be generally known that the British stipulated that this handful of young Jews was first to concentrate on opening up escape-routes for Allied airmen and other escaped prisoners of war, and only as a contingency to try and save Jews. "Hannah was interviewed by a joint panel of British and Jewish personnel. Lt.-Col. Hunloke, Sq. Leader Taylor and Lt.-Col. St. Hannah herself. She was a heroine certainly, excited, visionary and doomed, but she could also write like this: "And when I watched the waves storming along the coast with foaming fury and saw how silent and placid they became when they broke on the beach, I thought, perhaps our enthusiasms and fumblings are no different. When the waves pound in, they are full of virility and vigour. When they reach the shore, they are broken and tamed and play in the golden sand like good little children." She really was a poet.

THE BOOK raises many questions as it fills in the background to this absorbing and macabre story. Why did Kasner fail to help Hannah? What was the role of the Jewish Agency in the long-protracted negotiations between the Jewish Rescue Committee and Eichmann? Was it just that they were helpless, since the Allies had only been so far from the end of the war, that they would have no certain now in that Hannah's restlessness was really the response of a haunted sensitive and perceptive soul to what was going on in Europe.

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Hannah Senesh, heroine of the Jewish resistance in Hungary, is the central figure in 'The Summer that Bled' by Anthony Masters.

Journal

THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY'S Institute of Languages and Literatures has just published the first issue of its new journal, "The Hebrew University Studies in Literature," to be issued bi-annually, under the editorship of Shimon Sandbank and Arleh Serper. It contains articles by Mark Spilka on "Tan Watt on Intrusive Authors"; Dorothea Krook ("The Madness of Art: Further Reflections on the Ambiguity of Henry James"); Yosef Dan ("An Hebrew Source of the Yiddish 'Kahn' Story"); Shalom J. Kahn ("Mark Twain as American Rebel"); Robert Friend ("The Quest for Ronsard: A Comparison of Two Passages to 'India'"); Alexander Gellay ("The Landscape of Happiness in 'Le Chateau de Parme'"); and Therese Malachi ("L'Idée de bonheur dans le théâtre d'Anouilh").

A call for open diplomacy

MEMOIRS (Memorirs), Volume 3, by David Ben-Gurion. Tel Aviv, Am Oved. 560pp.

Sraya Shapiro

THE YEAR 1984 began on a hopeful note. Eretz Yisrael was enjoying an unprecedented economic boom; 60,000 Jews had arrived in the previous year; and travel on the main roads was quite secure. In his New Year Message to Sir Arthur Wauchope, the High Commissioner, Mr. Ben-Gurion, Chairman of the Jewish Agency Executive, said that His Majesty's government in London could think of no better gift than to extend Sir Arthur's term, just drawing to a close. Though on many problems the Jews differed with the High Commissioner, Mr. Ben-Gurion wrote, he felt it was an honour to have Sir Arthur as his debating-partner.

The focus of the argument was Britain's intention to establish a Legislative Council with advisory, not legislative, powers. Two thirds of the Council's members would be Arabs, one third Jews. The Jewish Agency intimated it would not oppose the gradual turning over of the administration to local people, but on the basis of "parity": half Jews, half Arabs.

Some influential Members of Parliament in London had been won over to this view. But in Jerusalem, the Administration was actively against it. They secured an invitation to London for an Arab delegation — the Jewish Agency was appalled to learn of this only hours before the official announcement was made. Before the delegation left,

however, Eretz Yisrael was shaken by a series of terror killings of Jews. The Arabs also declared a general strike, which was to last six months. It emerged, however, that the Jewish leaders did not have a unanimous evaluation of the Arab aims. Most believed that the terror acts were little more than another spate of political crimes such as Eretz Yisrael had periodically witnessed under the British occupation. Appeal to the authorities in Eretz Yisrael and the pressure on the British Government through Parliamentary opinion was suggested to obtain the return of peace.

MR. BEN-GURION was of a different opinion. The Arabs, he held, were staging a rebellion. The remedy was not police action but a political counter-offensive. Mr. Ben-Gurion suggested the open re-affirmation of the Zionist aim of the restoration of Jewish national sovereignty in the ancestral homeland. He urged strong pressure on the British Government, British public opinion and the British Administration in Eretz Yisrael to help the Jews in this task by sponsoring the economic and industrial development of the country. He also urged a call for mass aliyah.

"If we agree to accept minority status," Mr. Ben-Gurion argued, "there could be peace in a moment." But the Jews had been a minority everywhere in their 2,000 years' wandering. They were a minority in Poland and Rumania, for instance, where their lives were in daily danger. They no longer had any influence in Germany, despite their contributions to her cultural life. The Jews were not coming to Eretz Yisrael to continue the life which had proved so disastrous in the past.



In the end only Menahem Mendel Ussishkin supported Mr. Ben-Gurion in the Jewish Agency. In the Mapai Political Committee Mr. Ben-Gurion fared even worse, though he repeatedly argued that only the Labour Movement was strong and responsible enough in the Yishuv to be able to lead the Jews in a political struggle. Dr. Maurice Hexter, the American non-Zionist member of the Agency Executive, Dr. Werner Senor, the German-born Zionist, and Dr. Yudah L. Magnes, President of the Hebrew University, all pleaded for "concessions" by the Zionists in order to impress the Arabs with the good will of the Jews. They were deaf to

Mr. Ben-Gurion's assertion that the Arabs did not seek a *modus vivendi*, but simply the total renunciation by the Jews of the Zionist dream.

One man gave Mr. Ben-Gurion the jitters: Chaim Weizmann. Though he greatly admired Dr. Weizmann, the spokesman for the Jewish cause (Weizmann was then President of the World Zionist Organization), Mr. Ben-Gurion differed with him on the tactics of achieving the Zionist aim. He wrote:

"Weizmann is great when he defends the Zionist point of view; but after he finishes his speech he is convinced that he has done everything possible, and is ready to grant his opponent any concessions." Mr. Ben-Gurion was wholly shocked when Weizmann told British Colonial Secretary Ormsby-Gore that the Zionist Organization would not resist a temporary ban on aliyah — as the British had suggested — "in order to give the Royal Commission a chance to deliberate calmly." Mr. Ben-Gurion said again and again: "That man Weizmann is dangerous." He refused to testify before the Peel Commission because Weizmann had done so.

BRITAIN, in Mr. Ben-Gurion's eyes, was not an enemy. Obviously, global strategy and the threat of war dictated many British moves. Mr. Ben-Gurion did not believe, as some of his colleagues in the Jewish Agency did, that replacing Sir Arthur Wauchope would bring a favourable turn in British policy. Mr. Ben-Gurion also cooled the enthusiasm his colleagues showed when Opposition and sometimes pro-Government Members of Parliament delivered magnificent pro-Jewish speeches in Jewish defence; in the final count, he reminded them, it is the official on the spot and not the M.P. who has the decisive influence. He was proved right when the big contingents of British troops

went on instructions from London, did little to quell the rebellion being waged by a few hundred rebels because the Administration in Jerusalem wanted the Arabs to seem invincible.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ben-Gurion argued, England was perhaps the only European country where public opinion was able to influence politics, and the Jews were free to use this channel. The British public being humanitarian, should be sensitive to the plight of German Jews, for instance. If a total war broke out, the British would be glad to have a strong supporting element in the Middle East. But in 1938 the time was not ripe for this argument, because the public did not believe there would be a war, Mr. Ben-Gurion wrote.

THE MESSAGE of this volume is a call for open politics. A clear statement by the Zionist Organization that it aimed to re-establish Jewish rule in Eretz Yisrael would inevitably draw opposition; but it would also bring chances to find supporters. Covering up the real goal by subterfuge formulas helped nobody; the enemies of Zionism would not be deceived, while its potential friends would be dismayed. For a person of Mr. Ben-Gurion's stature, risk was the essence of struggle.

Like the previous volume, this one — covering the year 1938 — contains only excerpts from letters and protocols, without any personal comment or explanation of the situation at the time of writing. The only notes are short biographical notes in the index. The documents appear in strictly chronological order. Some of the documents are invaluable to the understanding of the political scene in that year; others are repetitive. A short introduction to the volume would be invaluable for the reader who is unable to devote much time to research.

A Zulu poet speaks out

Gordon Winter

OSWALD MTSHALI, a former goose-herder and dishwasher, is a simple, soft-spoken man. He is a short, stocky, bearded Zulu who looks so ordinary that you would hardly notice him if he passed you on your local high street. But, paradoxically, this 38-year-old man with the mild and modest manner walks tall in his native country of South Africa. And his is the strongest voice of Black dissent in that White-dominated land.

He is not a politician, but a poet and writer. Two years ago he was completely unknown and working as a £7 a week messenger — delivering parcels on a small scooter for a Johannesburg advertising agency. His life changed dramatically when he was encouraged by Lionel Abrahams, a polio-crippled Jewish writer and critic, to compile a book of his private thoughts — in poetry form.

It was stunningly successful. Entitled "Sounds of a Cowhide Drum," published by Oxford University Press, it contained 68 poems which chronicled some of the unpleasant experiences suffered by South Africa's 15 million Africans under the system of apartheid.

Although he is basically a non-political man, Oswald somehow placed his finger unerringly on the sleepy inner pulse of the White population's conscience. His harrowing poems — a finely blended mixture of satirical, bitter-sweet, yet humorous, observations — admitted Whites to a world most of them were unaware of. But, because the poems were obviously written without malice and were rarely vengeful, most Whites accepted them as valid and honest criticism.

Very few poets in the world have managed to sell 17,000 copies of their first small volume — at £1 a

time. And particularly not in South Africa, where the White population is only 3.5 million. But that's exactly what happened. The Whites scrambled to buy the remarkable book and it is now in its fifth printing. It is the first volume of poetry to make a profit for a publisher in South Africa, not to mention royalties of £1,500 for the author.

One of the poems contains just 26 simple words which sum up, in miniature, the feelings of South Africa's Black workers. Oswald says he wrote it because 90 per cent of South African Whites never bother to find out the surnames of their Black servants:

Master, I am a stranger to you,
but will you hear my confession?
I am a faceless man
Who lives in the backyard
of your house.

Oswald Mtshali was born in the sleepy Natal town of Vryheid, which is the Afrikaans word for "freedom." But it took 31 years for him to achieve a certain measure of freedom in his own land. He says the book of poetry has liberated him personally — from all those years of frustration as a Black in the land of White supremacy.

The worldwide fame brought by the book also brought an offer of a weekly column in Johannesburg's liberal newspaper, "The Rand Daily Mail." Mtshali uses this column to great effect — airing the fear and frustrations of his fellow Blacks.

And, surprisingly, the South African Government tolerates this



Mtshali, the "faceless man," achieved immediate critical acclaim.

unusually gifted firebrand who poignantly mirrors Black grievances. The Security Branch called him in for a two-hour interview when his book received immediate acclaim and front-page treatment in the whole of the South African press. But, he says, they were only checking to see if he was a "Communist-inspired propagandist" — and seemed quite relieved when it was found that neither he nor his family had ever been involved with any "underground political movement."

When Mtshali was awarded a free trip to Britain last month, the Pretoria regime even granted him a visa to leave the country — a privilege rarely granted to Blacks who publicly criticise the status quo. This strongly indicates that Pretoria accepts Oswald Mtshali as a genuine individual who has no political axe to grind.

Oswald and his wife, Margaret, have a 18-month-old daughter and they live in Soweto, the massive conglomerate of African townships containing the almost one million Black labourers vitally necessary to South Africa's brash "City of Gold" — Johannesburg. The couple live in a matchbox-sized, government-built house with concrete walls and roof. It has a kitchen, one bedroom, a small living room, no bathroom and no electricity.

Mtshali studied hard as a child because his mother made him realise the importance of education. But he could not afford to go to university. He was astounded by the success of his poetry but modestly explains it away by saying his book came "just at the right time" — when Whites were beginning to sense the possibility of important political and cultural changes in South Africa.

He firmly believes the apartheid moonlight is starting to tremble and that non-White living conditions in the Republic will change dramatically — and peacefully — during the next five years. (FWF)

this week 12 years ago

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READERS' LITERARY LETTERS

Secularists and novelists

To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor
Sir, — Allow me to reply to Professor Eli Schweid's letter (your issue of August 10) commenting on my review of his "Israel at the Crossroads" in your July 20 issue. I regret that for reasons beyond my control my reply did not reach you in time to appear together with his letter.

1) The error regarding his kibbutz affiliation was inadvertently made by the editor, not the reviewer. Nothing in my review casts doubt on Prof. Schweid's ongoing process of involvement with the Jewish tradition. In fact, the review speaks of his being "reaculturated" into the realm of faith during the Six Day War, not in his having undergone any dramatic change.

2) Prof. Schweid denies being a secularist. I, too, don't believe he is a secularist, and that is why I put the term in quotation marks. In fact, I explicitly wrote that he doesn't even acknowledge the existence of Jewish secularists. But he is really playing a subjective semantic game, for it is fair to say that in the current Israeli jargon one who is not an Orthodox Jew may be considered a secularist. I don't necessarily approve of this simplification, but the State Religious School Trend is religious and what is called the State School Trend is not religious — Dal.

I, too, like Prof. Schweid, desperately wish to find a positive common Jewish denominator between the two trends, but this is a wish, not a fact. Regrettably, and unfairly, by Orthodox standards, a "secularist" person is still an "un-cultured secularist," and probably non-Orthodox people in Israel either accept this categorization or are indifferent to it.

the giving of the Torah at Mt. Sinai was my own, not Prof. Schweid's. The fact that it was separated by dashes and began with the word "undoubtedly" meant to convey that it was the reviewer speaking, not the author. However, the fact that Prof. Schweid believes my sensitivity to his powerful presentation of the trauma of the war period to be his "grotesque and outrageous" is his problem, not mine.

Perhaps in this instance he underestimates himself. I interpreted his presentation to be exactly what I would have probably felt had I been at Sinai some 38 centuries ago, sharing with Jewish multitudes the collective experience of becoming a distinctive nation with a profound sense of spiritual destiny. It was my impression that this was what Prof. Schweid sought to convey with respect to the Six Day War.

Finally, if Prof. Schweid cannot identify as his the major ideas which the review ascribed to him, I am truly sorry. A copy of the book is before me, with the major ideas clearly playing a subjective semantic game, for it is fair to say that in the current Israeli jargon one who is not an Orthodox Jew may be considered a secularist. I don't necessarily approve of this simplification, but the State Religious School Trend is religious and what is called the State School Trend is not religious — Dal.

I, too, like Prof. Schweid, desperately wish to find a positive common Jewish denominator between the two trends, but this is a wish, not a fact. Regrettably, and unfairly, by Orthodox standards, a "secularist" person is still an "un-cultured secularist," and probably non-Orthodox people in Israel either accept this categorization or are indifferent to it.

However, during the spontaneous discussion period at the closing public session at the Van Leer Foundation that same night, the unfortunate impression was conveyed by some of the audience speakers that the American-Jewish writing is now on the decline, somewhat second-rate. It is important to correct such a misconception.

In addition to the group of accepted leaders in the literary arena, a whole new school of younger Jewish writers has come up in the last decade. If not yet as established as Bernard Malamud, Saul Bellow, Ludwig Lewisohn, Meyer Levin, Charles Angoff, Maurice Samuel, Robert Nathan, Daniel Puchs, Irwin Shaw, Edward Lewis Wallant and, if you will, Philip Roth, Leon Uris and Herman Wouk, many clearly give evidence of attaining pre-eminence in the present decade and the next.

Most prominent are Hugh Nissenson, Cynthia Ozick, Robert Kolko, Joanne Greenberg, Norma Rosen, Chaim Potok, B.L. Doctorow, underlined and annotated. Perhaps I should mention, Leo Litwak, Gerald Jay Goldberg, Mark Mirsky, Daniel Stern, Irwin Blacker, Arthur Cohen, Richard Elman, Irvin Faust, Israel Elkis, Anne Roiphe, Dorothy Rabinowitz and the Bruce Jay Friedman of "Starn."

In a list prepared at the request of the Jerusalem Municipal Library, the underlined (I teach American Jewish fiction at the American College in Jerusalem) comprised no fewer than 90 American-Jewish names including, of course, the above-mentioned, but not including Jacqueline Susann, Irving Wallace, Irving Shulman, Harold Robbins, Erich Segal, Rona Jaffe and Ira Levin.
JERUSALEM.



Bob Dylan

Joan Hooper

I WAS NEVER a Bob Dylan connoisseur, but like many of my generation, I quite like him, his singing, his words. Most of all the words. Ever since Dylan surfaced in Greenwich Village in 1960 he used his words, creating his own tales, about himself, about his life and about life in general, and his screeching his talking blues. He became an unwilling prophet for folk purists and later on for a whole decade of protest.

IN DYLAN: AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY (N.Y., New American Library — Signet, 351 pp. \$3.50), Anthony Scaduto follows Dylan's every move from Hibbing, Minnesota, and his Jewish, middle-class parents (who do exist and from whom he never did run away, as the legend goes) through his idolization of Woody Guthrie and all of his suffering (mostly self-made) and his stardom. Scaduto has woven this necessarily new type of biography from mountains of amazing verbatim recollections of Bob's close friends and enemies and com-

ments of Bob himself. It seems Bob Dylan was actually somewhat of a scoundrel to many people around him. He was mean and hurtful and used people for his own good, dropping them cold to charm the next in line. The surprising thing is that they are all extremely loyal and loving still. Scaduto's achievement is the skilful connection of the words of others to paint the portrait of a 33-year-old legend.

Dylan's own apocalypse came when he realized how unwilling he was to wear the crown of thorns the fans wished him to wear. Scaduto writes well about the many deaths of Dylan and his rebirth, about his refusal to be a false prophet or to be "interpreted," about his lovers and the famous people around him, his philosophies, rather nonphilosophical. Scaduto tells about his marriages, his motorcycle accident, his return to a somewhat mystical Judaic frame of mind ("not intellectually, but intuitively"), his children (five), and his battles to escape canonization and the martyrdom which comes with it.

For Dylan maniacs, of course, this book will be a must. For folk purists who ridicule his growth away from "involvement" to folk rock, it might soften their outlook. And for everyone else who is very divorced from that sort of thing, it isn't a bad book to start a reconciliation. (Dylan celebrated his 30th birthday at the Western Wall, and has since been the subject of a new mythology — about his "return" to Judaism, supporting the Jewish Defense League, enrolling as a student at various Yeshivot.)

"An I walked my road an sung my song
Like a saddened clown
In the circus a my own world."
(written for a Joan Baez album)

Most important, Scaduto analyses the growth of his poetry from images defying interpretation (purposely) to his new religiosity which needs it. One can almost forget about Scaduto himself as this biography flows along on pure Dylan.

JAMBOREE THEME IS CO-EXISTENCE



Story by Sarah Honig, pictures by Shalom Bar-Tal

"MARIA, MARIA, why can't we stay a little longer? We don't want the Jamboree to end so soon," a number of young Arab girl scouts from Haifa said half-pleadingly to their patrol leader last Tuesday. They were taking part in the week-long Israel Scouts' Federation 11th Jamboree held in Ya'ar Haruvit, a hidden, almost unheard-of forest near Kibbutz Kfar Menahem. There scouts from all over Israel, as well as guests from some 20 countries around the globe, pitched their tents and turned the serene forest into a teeming, noisy community of some 18,000 youngsters.

"They love it here," pretty Maria Jubran, the patrol leader, told me with a smile. "Sure, the faucets don't always work and the food could be better, but it's the first taste of freedom for most of my girls and they like the flavour. Most of them have never been away from home on their own before and that's why they are all excited."

The Arab girl scouts were not the only ones to feel that way. I found 11-year-old Hana and some of her friends chatting loudly and sipping soda pop inside their tent. It was a tiny, khaki-coloured tent which they themselves had made and decorated with posters and slogans, which included biblical quotations, the word "love" inscribed in psychedelic colours, pictures of Laurel and Hardy as well as the emblems of all I.D.F. corps.

Such Jamborees are held once in every four years. The theme at this particular one is the 25th anniversary of the State and many scouts have been hard at work putting together impressive and often ingenious projects for the occasion. Thus, religious scouts from Tel Aviv have turned their camp into a miniature version of Jerusalem, constructed from wood, bamboo, string, paper, plaster and burlap. Their tents are not the common triangular ones, but rectangular constructions topped by domes made out of white sheets. The tent rows have Jerusalem street names and there is even a replica of the Western Wall, all complete with the moss growing out of the cracks in the stone.

In other camps one can relive the days of the "illegal" immigration in pre-state days. There are rickety, crowded, immigrant boats, maps, blown-up photographs, documents and newspaper clippings. It is all partly a historical museum display and partly a camp-out. There are camps fashioned after the tower-and-stockade settlements of the 1930s and in others War of Independence scenes have been brought to life.

I asked Maria what many Arab scouts felt about these displays. "Oh, they really like them. They don't look at the national or religious content; they just admire the craftsmanship. There are no politics at this Jamboree. Arab Catholic kids put up a structure which is supposed to represent the gate to Mary's Well. Other Arab kids put up a huge Beduin tent where people come to visit and are served coffee. Each has

his own thing and we each admire each other's work." A pretty Jewish guide, Dorit, told me that the real theme of this Jamboree is co-existence. "Arab kids visit us and we visit their tents and before you know it, friendships develop." Maria agrees. "Friendships form in places like this. At a similar meeting recently, I saw how a Jewish girl from Jerusalem and an Arab one from Nazareth became friends. They exchanged addresses and started corresponding. Soon they were visiting each other, and now even the families visit each other. My girls went off for a cook-out with some Jewish girls last night. They were hours late coming back, but we didn't go and fetch them—we knew that contacts were being born."

NOT ALL the Arabic-speaking scouts come from the area that constituted pre-1987 Israel: 40 of them hail from Gaza, 40 from Hebron.

Thirty of the 80 scouts at the Golan Heights Druse village of Buk'ata also made it to Ya'ar Haruvit. Fourteen-year-old Farez al-Kish and a group of his friends proudly showed me a wooden Magen David they had made for their camp site, and explained that "this is the emblem of Israel. That's why we made it."

Before I even had the chance to ask, Farez told me what he liked best about the Jamboree. "It's the Jews and the Druse together... I see kids from different places and even different countries. I want to go to all the Jamborees. Before 1987—in the days of Syria—boys never left the village. No one ever went to places like this. Now we are free."

ONE OF THE chief attractions of the Jamboree is the camp site of the guests from abroad, and especially the tents of the 140 Americans. They tend to be less colourful than the Israeli camps and the tents are all storebought and yet the Israeli scouts keep flocking over. Why?

"Oh, there's some very lively trade going on here," 16-year-old Gregg Mekler of Minneapolis explained to me. "We brought a lot of badges and emblems with us and the Israelis have pretty pins and we trade. We are all getting a good deal."

Gregg said he and his pals were impressed by some of the qualities they found in the Israelis. "They are very outgoing and everyone is very friendly to us. But what strikes us all is that they are so loyal and patriotic. This is not exactly very usual among American kids."

The Americans are also impressed by the sheer size of the Jamboree. "I have never been to anything so big before," confessed Gregg. "I am also surprised to see that I feel so safe and secure here. There is fighting in the Middle East, but I don't know if the kids at the two Jamborees being held at this same time in the United States feel as secure as we do here."



Building without cement or nails. (Below) Religious scouts praying at their model of the Western Wall, part of a miniature Jerusalem.



A song-fest helps the kids to get together. (Left) Even Scout uniforms can't withstand the dictates of fashion. (Below, left) A three-storey watch-tower. (Below, right) Small fry relax with a game of chess and ease their feet.



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Youth Capital

Judy Siegel

IN THE afternoons, thousands of high-spirited children from East and West Jerusalem flexed their muscles in judo exercises and soccer games, laughed at the antics of magicians and giant puppets, and learned the rules of driving on practice tracks under the watchful gaze of stern policemen. Their mouths stuffed with popcorn, they tried their skill at knocking hats off silent cardboard men with rubber balls. After dark, gathered under garlands of dazzling lights and billowing flags, they sang and danced to the frenetic beat of rock music.

They were part of the Municipality's ten-day "Youth Capital" programme held in Sacher Park, at the foot of Knesset Hill, and scheduled to close tomorrow night. This is its second year in the centre of the city; in the four previous years, located at the Youth Recreation Centre in the Jerusalem Forest, it was more difficult to reach and the activities were more limited.

Free to all comers, the "Youth Capital" is sponsored by the Municipality, the Ministry of Education and Culture, the Jerusalem Foundation, and Wiso. It is run by a council of youth-club teenage volunteers in blue or orange T-shirts, some of them living in

East Jerusalem. After careful deliberations, they came up with several special events, such as the distribution of gifts to hospitalized children in both parts of the city, tours for immigrant youth, the presentation of flowers to tourists, and a sports match between the agile children and graying "city fathers." The highlight for eight of the youngsters — four Arabs and four Jews — was a day of working and broadcasting aboard Able Nathan's Peace Ship.

Besides giving the children a good time, the goal of the "Youth Capital" is to bring Jews and Arabs together in a congenial atmosphere. Mayor Teddy Kollek, opening the programme last week, said that "there is a real desire on both sides to understand the other's unique culture and way of life. I hope ties will be made here that will continue throughout the year."

FOR SHALLY LEHMANN and Mahmud Abassi, this year's "Youth Capital" Mayor and Deputy Mayor, working together "feels natural" despite their different backgrounds.

Shally, a 17-year-old Jewish student who will be starting his army service in a few months' time, will take over Teddy Kollek's chair on the third floor of City Hall this morning and will "run the city" for the day.



Shally Lehmann (right) and his deputy, Mahmud Abassi, answer questions. (Emka)

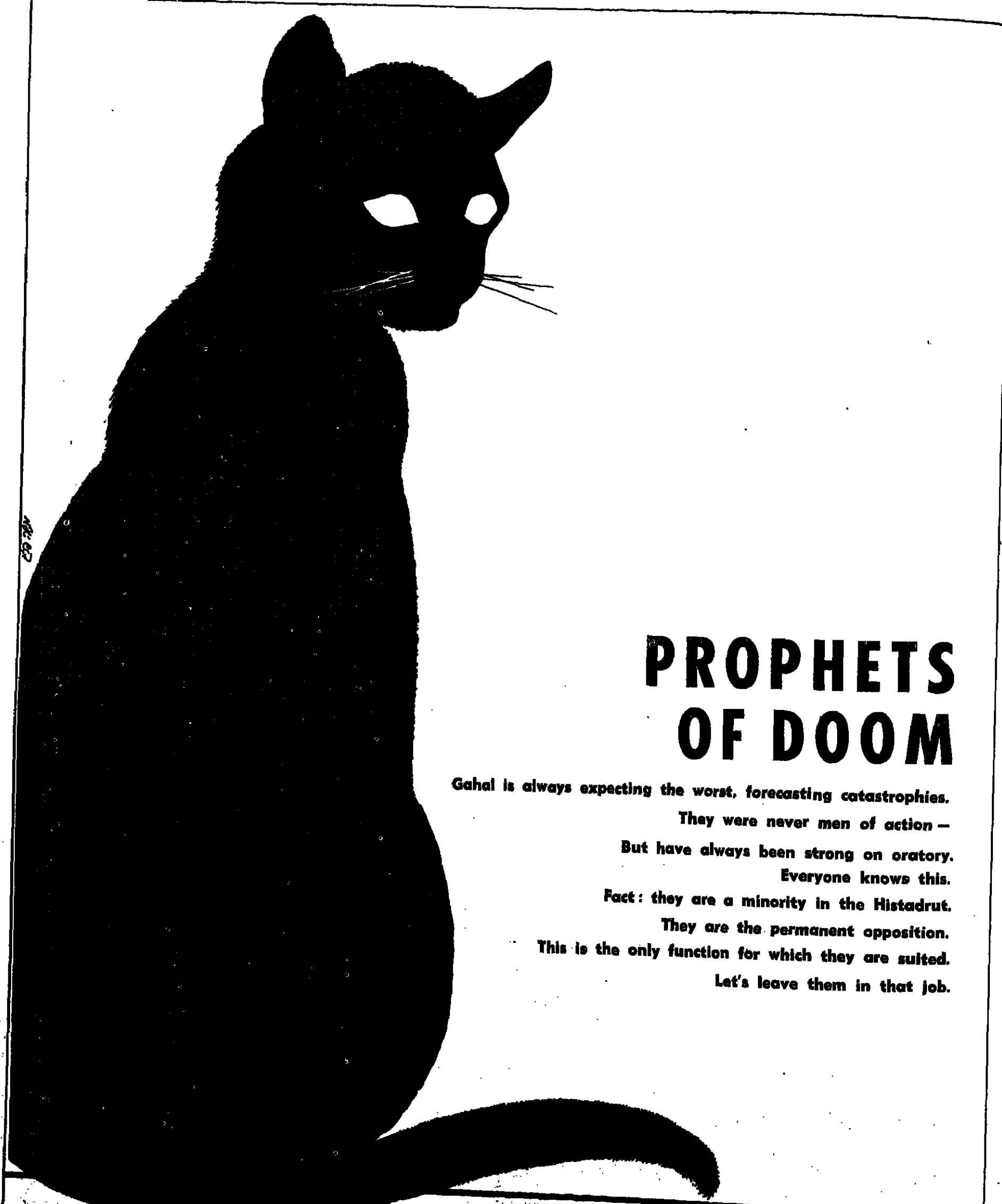
"Every young person who wishes to make a complaint may come to the Municipality today, and I will answer him," promises Shally with the ebullience of a campaigning politician. He doesn't think much of politics, though. "It's too dirty; I'm going into business administration," he says.

Mahmud, an affable 18-year-old from East Jerusalem, plans to

study science at the University of Amman. But he loves Jerusalem and appreciates his increased contact with different types of people, and he intends to return. An enthusiastic soccer player, Mahmud hopes, during his day as Deputy Mayor, to discuss with the City Council the possibility of building a new sports field for Arab youth.

The consensus is that this

year's "Youth Capital" is the smoothest and most enjoyable — a real children's paradise. There have been no incidents between Arabs and Jews. As one blue-shirted volunteer said, seated in the park's craggy natural amphitheatre, "It's not Golda and Sadat sitting down to discuss peace, but at least it leads to friendship and better understanding between us."

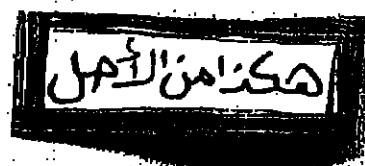


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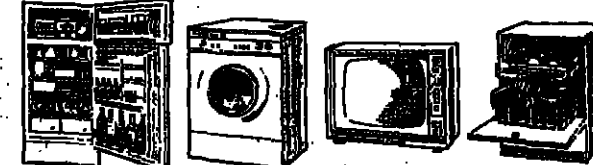
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Something from nothing

Catherine Rosenheimer

HOW TO MAKE something out of nothing... that is what Shenkar College fashion students have been learning in an experimental summer workshop during the past three weeks. When fashion lecturer Vivienne Ellenport first suggested the pilot scheme, her purpose was twofold — to give first year students practical manufacturing experience during their vacation and, at the same time, to have a break from a solid year's teaching and a chance to produce some of her own designs.

Basic for her collection was inexpensive Israeli unbleached muslin (known as *bad Aravi*). With the help of a few tips from the College's Textile Technology Department, she dyed lengths of calico to coffee, cream, olive green, pink and mulberry shades in her own washing machine to give her the basic colour range for her designs. "There were no problems with the machine — actually its drum action served to bring out the texture of the fabric — an added plus.

"I found I could only dye two and a half metres of fabric at a time, otherwise the colour went patchy, so geared my designs accordingly, limiting each dress to that quantity of muslin." Vivienne's collection was based on variations of three simple, basic patterns. Caftans were created on a



(Left) The caftan influence in dyed calico: the bib in coffee, the rest in creamy beige. Applique consists of white lace sections. (Right) Empire line dress in olive green dyed calico. The clothes were designed by Vivienne Ellenport. (Judy and Kenny)

modular concept — by changing the proportions between bib and skirt, effecting to the same short kimono sleeves, different effects were achieved.

Sticking to her principle of using only inexpensive and locally available raw materials, Vivienne's finishing details were either handpainted panels — achieved with oil-based felt-tip pens (colours are fast in cold water) — applique's of sections of old lace (found in a Tel Aviv haberdasher's) or quilted applique's or

On air-conditioning

WOULD THE BIBLE have been written if the desert had been air-conditioned? We will never know, so we can all hold our own views.

Some not entirely unrelated questions came up during a recent conversation with two young, forward-looking, and persuasive young men who are both professionally committed to air-conditioning. Dr. Yair Schapiro is an army physician with the rank of *rav-seren* whose speciality is environmental physiology and who studies the effects of climate at the Heller Institute of the Sheba Hospital (Tel Hashomer). Avigdor Zilberbusch is a refrigeration technician who sells air-conditioning of all types through the firm in which he is a partner, Avikor Ltd.

In the air-conditioned room at the Institute, where we met, I was representing the minority which dislikes air-conditioning — a minority uncounted in any census, but larger than many might suspect. It is, of course, a coalition involving various attitudes: those who like the heat; those who dislike the heat but dislike air-conditioning more; those who most dislike certain kinds of air-conditioning ("I don't mind cool offices, but I get terrible headaches in air-conditioned cars"); those who have eccentric principles, involving such matters as the industrial cost of freezing offices; the tyranny of unthinking button-pushing over individual rights; or the imposed downgrading of the human organism's own physiological adaptation.

Even minority citizens, though, accept certain basics. The "excessive temperature" principle, for instance. In the desert, as both men pointed out, a "Beduin, pre-

Helga Dudman

technology existence" can be maintained without air-conditioning, but not the joys of modern office life. And, as Dr. Schapiro said, "the captives in the hijacked Japanese airliner baking on the Arabian sands would unquestionably have died without the air-conditioning system."

THEN THERE is the problem of "work." Physical labour becomes increasingly difficult as temperatures rise. But this is not always relevant, because those who shout loudest about being "unable to work without air-conditioning" are those who, like me, work sitting down; it is the inner over-heat which makes life so difficult, and that goes on in offices all winter long.

Then, too, those who need air-conditioning most — farmers, building labourers, postmen, and so on — will be among the last to get it — though Mr. Zilberbusch is proud of having recently installed a unit in the omnibus used in the fields of Moshav Tzamel, and Dr. Schapiro has had offices of experience with physical stress in extreme temperatures: "The workers on the Eilat-Sharm highway couldn't have functioned without being able to cool off every 20 minutes or so in an air-conditioned shed."

To my shame, I have no friends who earn their living by physical labour (except housewives and domestic help), and as far as I know the heaviest present concentration of air-conditioning is in Tel Aviv offices, homes, and hotels. In local hotels, by the

way, I have heard this sort of dialogue:
American tourist, following the sun to Israel: "Does it have to be so cold in my room that I need three blankets and a sweater?"
Desk clerk: "But that is how American tourists like it."

BOTH MR. ZILBERBUSCH and Dr. Schapiro agree that many of our installations are bad, including most window units. They may have maddening side effects, such as noise, or they may be under-powered: "If you have 20 people smoking in a room, it can be impossible. Requirements must be carefully studied and systems thoughtfully planned, which they frequently are not. To me, what is worst is the human misuse of the delicately calibrated range provided by the manufacturers' engineers: "Hi-Cool... Lo-Cool... 1 to 7... Exhaust Fan..." and all this is switched on top blast early in the morning in an empty room by some unthinking finger — because it is so easy.

In there, I asked, a comparably wide range in human tolerance of high temperatures? Some people seem to sweat more than others, and it is said that low-blood-pressure goes with a liking for heat — especially in a *sharav*.
"Let's leave the *sharav* out of this," said Dr. Schapiro. "That's very complicated."
The physiological range of tolerance among individuals, he said, is not great.

"One person may seem to sweat more than the next, but this is only because the difference — which may not be more than 10 per cent of the total — is the amount which does not evaporate under given conditions. If you throw a cup of water on a table, the table will be wet though there's not much water."
As for the "blood-pressure theory," "Absolutes nonsense." In that case, I asked, treading on very subjective ground, why is it that I feel fine when most people are complaining? Why am I so bored by incessant comments about our summer weather? (If it snowed once in July, that would be a permissible topic of conversation.) Why am I entirely satisfied with my internal thermostat, even while walking around Tel Aviv at high noon with a bundle of groceries? Why do I find most air-conditioning dank, fetid, draughty?
"If you're thin," said Dr. Schapiro, "you're better off." (I am by no means thin.) Looking at me with a mixture of pity and impatience, he added, "You're probably at the bottom of the bell curve."
Mr. Zilberbusch: "Israeli women lose their looks much too early. Israeli men are exhausted and have no stamina by the evening." He was not, I take it, making any causal connection but merely pointing to what we have to gain by air-conditioning.

INSTALLING UNITS in private cars is a booming business: "In 1969 we did about one a week. Today we do about 30." We had driven to the Institute in Mr. Zilberbusch's air-conditioned car, and naturally I was ungracious enough to dislike it. I found it noisy (not that the highway outside is all that serene), clammy, and redolent of old cigarettes.
Curiously, all three of the other air-conditioned drivers we saw on the road were smoking away like mad. At a stop-light, we pulled up alongside one and Mr. Zilberbusch shouted away at the woman driver, to get a testimonial for me. She didn't hear a word.
"She's separated from reality," he said. True, I suppose; though whether this is always an admirable condition, I am not at all sure. The unit is powered by the motor, and decreases kilometrage per litre of fuel by about ten per cent — not a

patterned fabric. Final accessories came from a stock of buttons and glass and wooden beads made in the '30s, discovered in a Tel Aviv shop which closed down recently — Vivienne bought up their entire stock!

Although a non-commercial venture, the workshop more than covered all its own costs and the limited number of garments produced during its 3-week duration were snatched up by the customers of a Haifa boutique whose owner is dying to place a repeat order! "The students derived tremendous satisfaction from it — they normally spend a whole term on each finished garment they produce. They also learned how to make quick decisions and how to design within limitations. They were paid at students' union employment rates as they would have been in any summer job."

Other Shenkar College students are spending their summer gaining practical experience in factories both in Israel and abroad as well as trying their hand free-lancing. Ten graduates of the fashion department's second year will be returning in the autumn to complete a third year for a B.A. degree. The Shenkar was recently recognised by the New York Board of Higher Education as an institution authorised to grant a B.A. degree. Paradoxically, the Israeli Board of Advanced Education is still debating the matter but will recognise the New York-approved B.A.

Shenkar Principle Dr. Nathan Brown is delighted at the results of the experimental summer workshop, keen to expand it as an after-hours activity for students throughout the year. Vivienne Ellenport is now thinking in terms of a workshop winter collection "based on a simple woven fabric produced in the school's textile department — what you might call a vertical venture."

very bright trend in terms of either pollution or inflation. Both men agreed that much in our present way of life is "sheer madness." We touched on building standards, traffic jams, Israeli habits.

"We shouldn't try to bring Europe to this country," said Mr. Zilberbusch. "I think we get up too late and go to bed too late, and it's crazy to eat our heavy meal at noon — and to drive dark-coloured cars. And I'm sorry we stopped wearing shorts." Air-conditioning at the Mann Auditorium he thought "geared to American dress rather than to Israeli dress." (I was there recently and did not suffer as much as previously — perhaps because I was expecting to.)

Dr. Schapiro launched into an impassioned discussion of technology, which has been running wild here these past few years without any rational direction. On the Reading Power station, without which our air-conditioning would be sadly curtailed: "It's madness to heat the sea with millions of calories, instead of using them for needed heating, as has been done in Sweden."

By now my ankles were getting cold. "You might wear stockings," said Dr. Schapiro.
It is not pleasant to live down here at the bottom of the bell curve now that push-button controls have taken over. I will not wear stockings in the summer. I keep warm by quoting Dr. Rene Dubos, who wrote in "Man, Medicine, and Environment": "Man finds it more convenient to air-condition his dwellings than to adapt physiologically to heat or cold," and continues:

"He invents learning aids to decrease mental effort; he takes drugs as a substitute for mental discipline in resisting pain and overcoming fatigue... instead of making the greater effort required to cope with them through his own adaptive physiological resources."

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IT OCCURS TO ME/Hadassah Bat Haim

Boiler on the blink

REGARDING the matter of our bathroom facilities, we have now progressed from the state of having no hot water to having no water at all. Every night, we fill as many vessels as can be conveniently spared and keep them standing around for use when the main source is denied to us — a circumstance which occurs frequently and with out notice. We are lucky in that we have secured the services of a practitioner eminent in his profession who has made a preliminary survey of the situation and is preparing a report on it.

Like a Harley Street consultant called into conference, he surveys the malfunctioning object distantly but with obvious expertise, pointing out its defects to the small but respectful coterie that accompanies him. He does not convey his findings to me directly. I am, after all, merely the owner, and a layman — but speaks only to the next in line, the contractor, who passes down the orders through the chain of command.

Like his medical counterpart, who does not enquire for instance how a working housewife and mother will be able to take the world cruise and keep her feet up, he does not concern himself with the sordid details. He makes it clear, however, in a way I have observed in other professional men, that the previous conclusions of his distinguished colleagues have been ludicrous beyond belief.

The repair will certainly be both costly and prolonged, as the house seems to have been built around the boiler rather than the other way round. After taking off all the cupboard doors and knocking a large hole in the wall, the technicians decide that though the diagnosis is probably correct, the recommended treatment cannot be implemented without dismantling the entire kitchen. My cooking equipment is already all over the floor, so that getting from the hall to the back door is an obstacle course strewn with saucepans, containers and bowls.

The process of hacking the boiler to pieces to extract it from its hiding place releases the last reserves of rust-coloured water that have been lurking in its lower depths. The lighter pots and pans are set afloat and everyone engaged in the operation, plus visitors, neighbours onlookers, advisers and the dog, just aloft about in it telling me (all except the dog, who rather likes it) how lucky I am that it isn't winter.

THERE IS NOW a long interval while we wait for the new boiler. This is such a special item that its acquisition is only achieved because the supplier and my contractor were in the army together. It looks just like an ordinary boiler to me — and I have plenty of time to inspect it, as romans outside until the workmen can be lured back to fix it.

Conversation between me and the contractor becomes somewhat strained. The best thing I can do, he advises, is to go away and stop worrying ("him" is, I think, the unspoken word at the end of this sentence). Haven't I any friends, he asks solicitously, who would put me up for a day or two so.

His concern is touching, though unconvincing; but it fits in so exactly with my own inclinations that I hand over the key and ask if Jerusalem is far enough away. I warn him it will only be for a couple of weeks so he has no time to waste. He looks a bit startled and says, well he hadn't meant to drive me out of town, but now that he considers it, the separation would probably be good and lasting for both of us. When I come back everything will be different and we can start a new and better relationship.

As for the time, he laughs hollowly. I must be joking. Why, I could turn around and come right back and everything would be perfect. I have strong reservations about this, but keep them to myself, not wishing to end everything between us.

CULINARY NOTES/Haim Shapiro

The tasty tomato

IN NORTHERN Europe and the United States the tomato is a precious commodity and yet, whatever the housewife there pays, the tomatoes she buys — except perhaps in the British Isles — never have the succulent rich taste of those we get all summer long, and much of the rest of the year. So important is this fruit (no, it's not a vegetable) in the cuisine of the Mediterranean countries, that it is difficult to believe that it had its origin in Central America and has only been eaten in Europe since the 18th century.

A stuffed tomato can be a beautiful thing and need not have any resemblance to the scoop of tuna salad, or a quartered tomato, sitting on a crisp but tasteless leaf of lettuce, so favoured at U.S. ladies' luncheons. While cooked stuffed tomatoes are delicious, even a raw stuffed tomato can be sublime.

This particular dish has the advantage of combining the tomato with its most suitable partners — garlic, olive oil and parsley — and being simple and decorative as well.

olives (a cup) with the pits removed, and a tin of flat anchovies are mixed together and reduced to a paste. While this is trapezoidal, it may be safely carried out with a meat-grinder or even a blender. Enough olive oil is added to make the paste soft.

Cut in half about ten very ripe tomatoes. Squeeze each half in the palm of your hand to force out some of the seeds and wipe them off with the blade of a knife. With a teaspoon, spread some of the paste over each half. Leave them out of the refrigerator for at least two hours. The pungent salty sauce will infuse its flavour into the tomato.

The filling would welcome the addition of a few leaves of fresh basil, unfortunately almost unavailable in this country unless you grow your own. Another recommended addition, but not to everyone's taste, would be five or six capers. A solitary olive stunk in the centre of each tomato provides adequate decoration as well.

The dish is a native of Tuscany and may be known by its very simple local name, Pomodori ripieni ("stuffed tomatoes").



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rael that Czar Nicholas I was negotiating for a piece of land in Jerusalem, on the hill facing the Western Wall, on which to erect a cathedral (it was eventually built in what became the Russian Compound).

Rabbi Yisrael was horrified. Exclaiming, "This must never be!" he went to a closet, took out a bag filled with gold ducats and handed it to the young man.

"I entrust you with a sacred mission," he said. "Return to Jerusalem at once, secure the possession of that holy plot at any cost, and start building a house of prayer there to the glory of the God of Israel."

THE CAPABLE young Hassid fully justified the Rabbi's trust in him, working strenuously to overcome the many obstacles placed in his path. By 1843, the site had been acquired and registered for the intended purpose; but it took another 15 years before the firm was received from Constantinople giving the Governor of Jerusalem permission to issue a building licence and by that time Rabbi Yisrael had been dead for eight years. Another 14 years were to pass before the construction, directed and supervised in every detail by Nissan Bak, with the moral and material support of the Ruzhin's son and successor, Rabbi Avraham Yaacov of Sadagora.

Neither Rabbi Avraham nor his five brothers had their father's charisma but, true to his prediction, they — along with their four brothers-in-law — spread his brand of Hassidism far and wide, from Sadagora and from the various centres they set up in different communities of Bukovina, Galizia and Rumania. They all bore the stamp of his nobility of spirit, his true human kindness and, above all, his all-embracing love of Jews and Erets Israel.

The outbreak of World War I sent numerous prominent members of the family, as well as many of their adherents, westward from Eastern Europe, mainly to Vienna. Many of them had already taken an active part in the national revival, and as early as 1895 Theodor Herzl was writing in his diary: "The Wonder Rabbi of Sadagora to be brought over to the Jewish State) and installed as something like the bishop of a province."

The Holocaust put a violent end to the Jewish centres in Europe, but before World War II some members of the Ruzhin dynasty had moved to Erets Israel. A few escaped to the United States, especially to New York, which was thus also drawn into the orbit of Ruzhin Hassidism.

THE original impulse has remained powerful through the generations and through the migrations. While the foundation stone has now been laid in the Tiferet Yisrael Yeshiva complex, for a magnificent new synagogue, and world centres of Ruzhin Hassidism, preparations are also in progress for the rebuilding of the old Nissan Bak synagogue in the Old City, enlarged, but incorporating the original characteristics. Thus, Rabbi Yisrael's dream of a house of prayer to the glory of a house of God of Israel will have a double fulfilment: within and outside the walls of Jerusalem.

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THE FILMING ended last week in Tel Aviv of the last scenes in the pathetic story of Dr. Janusz Korczak, the Warsaw educator who was "liquidated" with the 200 children of his orphanage in August 1940. The rushes have been sent to Berlin, where the editing will be done. The world premiere of the film is scheduled for October in New York, while a German version is to be shown on television in West Germany.

"The Martyr" is a co-production of CCC Film, Berlin, and ALFA Film, Tel Aviv. The men behind these firms are Artur Brauner and Jacob Alkow respectively. Mr. Brauner is a businessman, a Jew from Eastern Europe who lives mainly in Germany but has interests in many countries, including Israel. Mr. Alkow, in his young days a junior collaborator of Cecil de Mille, lives in active retirement in Herzliya. Making films in Israel is for him an emotional hobby.

The story of Janusz Korczak had haunted Mr. Brauner for years. Ten years ago he commissioned a screenplay from Alexander Ramati, a Polish writer living in Hollywood. Korczak's story was to serve as the central theme in a saga of the Warsaw ghetto, ending with the ghetto uprising.

THE FILM was to be made in Warsaw, with the cooperation of the Polish authorities. After the Six Day War, however, the Poles backed out. There were several new versions of the screenplay, the ghetto uprising was dropped, and the final script, prepared by Yosef Cross, concentrates on the last fifteen days at the Korczak orphanage.

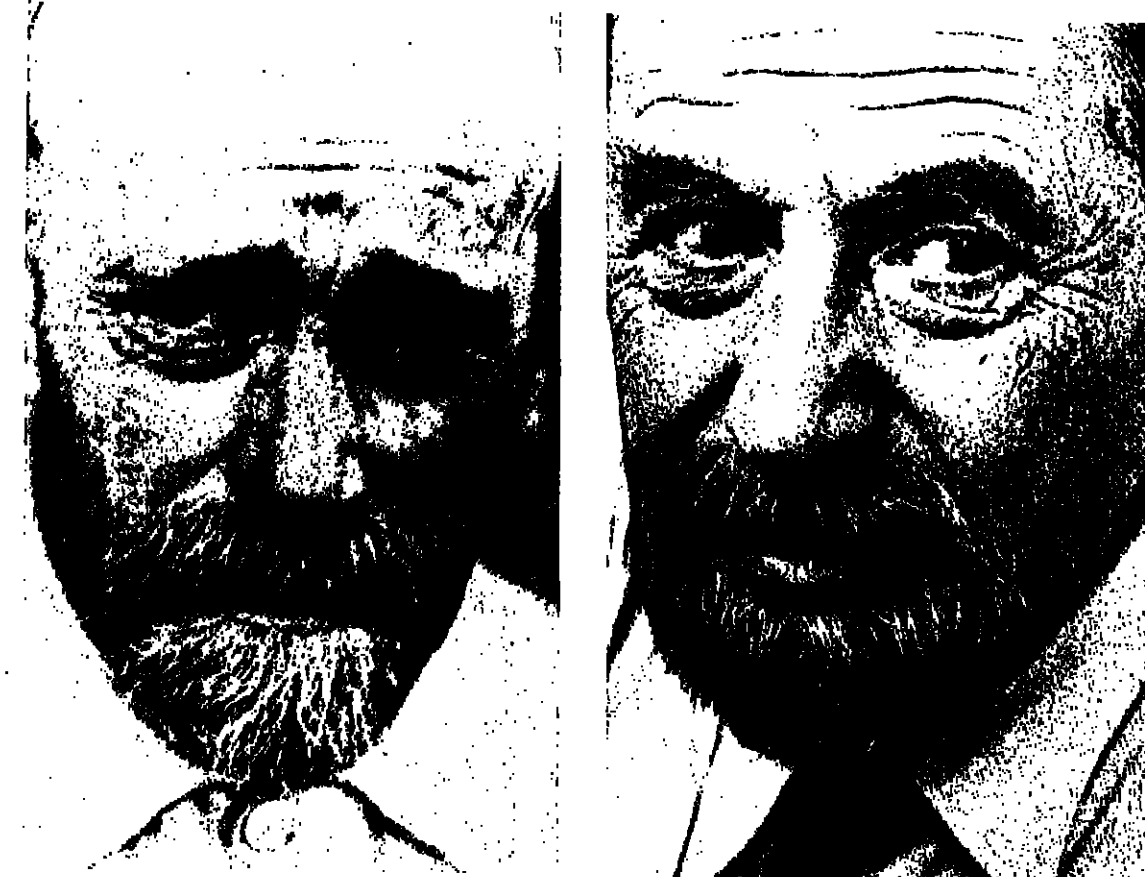
The ghetto scenes were shot at Spandau, a poor neighbourhood in West Berlin, a stone's throw from the prison where the last of the Nuremberg prisoners, Rudolf Hess, still lingers.

"I would never have imagined that such squalour still existed in Western Europe," said Orna Porat, the Israeli actress who plays the female lead Korczak's housekeeper.

The scenes inside the orphanage were filmed in the abandoned Youth Center off the sea front between Tel Aviv and Jaffa. About a hundred children were assembled there to play Korczak's

JANUSZ KORCZAK'S LAST FIFTEEN DAYS

Shooting has now been completed of a feature film based on the life of Dr. Janusz Korczak, the Warsaw teacher who volunteered to share the fate of his pupils. SRAYA SHAPIRO visited the set while the director, who knew Korczak personally, was shooting a scene, with Leo Genn and Orna Porat.



The real Korczak and (right) Leo Genn, the well-known actor who plays him in the film.

charges. In Berlin, the orphans were played by a similar number of children of Turkish workers, but a number of the Israeli children were flown over to Germany so that some of the same ones would appear throughout the picture.

KORCZAK'S NAME is revered by everyone who lived in Poland between the two world wars. The son of a Jewish lawyer in Warsaw, Henryk Goldszmit studied to be a physician, but he became famous for the children's stories he published under the nom de plume, Janusz Korczak. His views on education found favour in many quarters, and Hashomer Hatzair regarded him as a trail-blazer.

Though he was offered the opportunity of staying here when he visited the country in 1939, he preferred to return to Warsaw, which he felt to be the only place he could live. But in his ghetto journal, which was published recently, he recorded his hope of writing a romantic novel about young kibbutzniks in the Emek. He was given a chance of escaping from the ghetto, but would not leave "his" children, whom he took, dancing, to the train that led them to the extermination camp.

Alexander Ford, the Polish-born director of "The Martyr," knew Korczak personally.

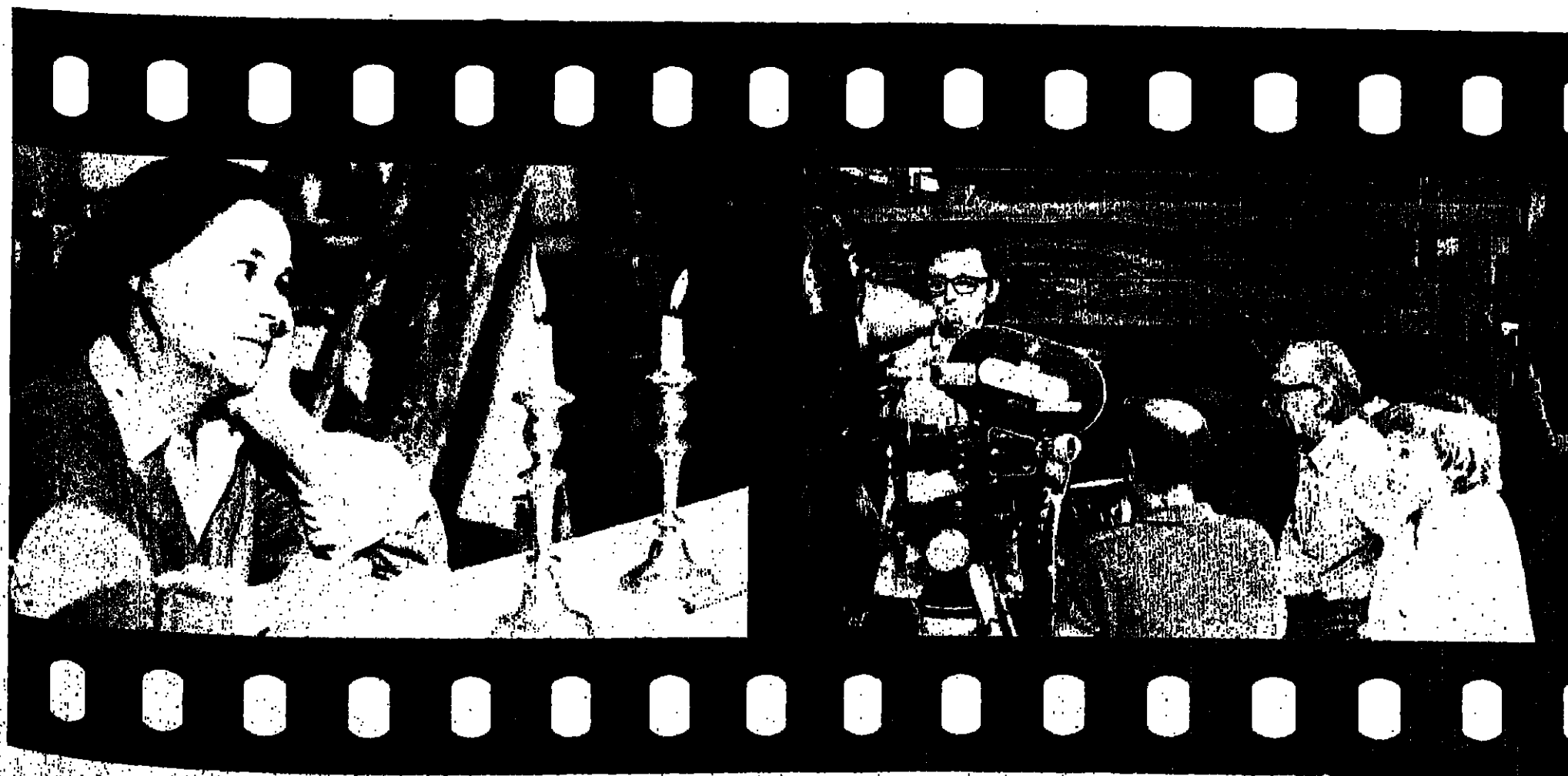
"He gave me a vivid description of the man, his ideals and his foibles," said Leo Genn, who plays Korczak in the film. Mr. Genn, a noted British stage and screen actor, played with Laurence Olivier in the film of "Henry V" and also appeared in "Moby Dick" and the French version of "Lady Chatterley's Lover."

"I first heard of Korczak when I was working at the Bergen-Belsen camp after the war, as a member of the British Intelligence mission investigating Nazi war crimes," said Mr. Genn.

After spending his first three weeks in Israel, he expected to tour the country with his wife. "This is one of the places I have always wanted to visit," he said.

The junior female lead in the film is played by Efrat Lavi, the girl who recently played opposite Yoram Gaon in "Kasablan."

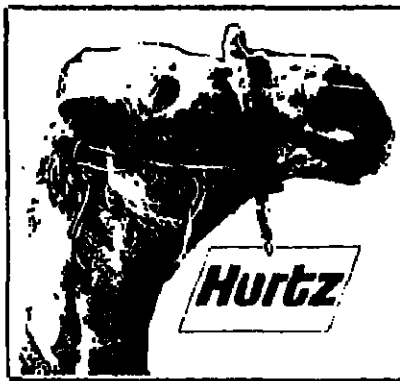
(Left) Orna Porat who plays Korczak's housekeeper. (Right) One of the "orphans" listens to a discussion between Alexander Ford, the director, and the camera crew.



FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1974

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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HOW TO RENT A CAMEL

Story and pictures by Charles Weiss

ISRAEL'S NEW FRONTIER is to the West, in the deserts of Sinai. This vast territory is a constant challenge to the hardy. The tenderfoot travel by scenic bus or plane, with food ready and waiting at each camp site. We travel like the Beduin do, by camel.

When we started, we wore two newspapers with a great idea: our only problem was, how to carry it out. The wisest move we made was interesting a Hebrew University anthropologist in joining us. Israel Stockman is an expert on Beduin dialects and customs, and what's more, could even pass himself off as an authority on camel flesh. He was invaluable.

There are no rent-a-camel agencies in Sinai. Once you've decided where you want to go to, there are two ways you can set about getting the transportation. One is to deal with the principal sheikhs in the area, pay them and have them assign someone for the job. The other is to try to make contact with independent camel operators and hire them and their beasts.

Our first target was the "sheikh of sheikhs" in southern Sinai, Sheikh Ereik Abu Abdullah. He commands the loyalty of the seven principal tribes in the south, all told about 11,000 Beduin. He wasn't home when we called at one of his encampments near Dahab, on the east coast of Sinai. He was off somewhere in the interior. Try again.

AT WAD A-TUR, a big Beduin camp near the oasis of A-Tur on the Gulf of Suez, we sought out Charrabye Abu Atig, a minor sheikh, but a controversial one. A tall, dark-skinned man of about 35, with a royal presence, he fit the popular idea of what a Beduin prince should look like. He wore long black robes and affected a thin moustache. Instead of galloping on a white charger, he careered around the encampment in a cream-colored Chevrolet pick-up truck.

Our anthropologist was interested in him chiefly as an example of the impact on traditional Beduin life of modern Egyptian and Israeli influences. Abu Atig was a peculiar mixture of Mafia tendencies superimposed on tribal custom. He had the reputation of running the protection racket among the fishermen in the port. He reportedly took his retainer in either cash or fish. He also received the IL176 a month the Military Government pays all the sheikhs. He kept up two homes in Wad A-Tur, one for each of the two wives, he had with him. An indication of his cosmopolitan status was that one was not from his own but from a neighboring tribe. He had had a third wife. She was Egyptian, and Stockman described her as a plump sexpot, a sharp contrast to the undernourished Beduin types. She had left him after the Six Day War to go home to her folks on the other side of the Gulf.

Abu Atig was also said to have a finger in the hashish-smuggling trade from Lebanon and Turkey through Syria, Jordan and Saudi, then by small boat to Sinai, by camel to the west coast and again by sea to Egypt. The smugglers also dabble in intelligence information as a sideline, and Sheikh Abu Atig had run

afoul of the law on this count, though nothing had been proved against him.

THE SHEIKH listened courteously to Stockman's request, but would only promise to see what he could do. A day passed and he did nothing. Then by word of mouth, an Egyptian living in A-Tur got wind of our need of camels and offered his services. After an hour or so of talk over a series of cups of coffee, Stockman turned him down. He told us the Egyptian seemed untrustworthy.

Another fellow turned up, a tubercular local type named Mohammed, who never smiled. It was here that Stockman won our respect. After the usual time-consuming courtesies and negotiations, Stockman broke off the talks on the grounds that Mohammed wanted too much money. The latter stalked off angrily. Stockman assured us that he would be back. We were not so sure.

But the following morning Mohammed showed up, this time with a more acceptable offer and the promise of four camels. He also brought along a partner, Suleiman, a tough, wizened little man with a ready smile. It seemed that no one had four camels of his own, but Mohammed and Suleiman, with one apiece, could scrounge the other two. The negotiations became more down to earth, and a bargain was struck on IL140 a day for the four camels and the two drivers, plus a sack of grain. This turned out to cost IL20.

WE SET OUT early the next day. Wiry, short-legged Suleiman waddled tirelessly out in front, easily keeping ahead of the lead camel. Mohammed dourly brought up the rear.

The sun raced to the zenith as we plodded through barren wastelands behind A-Tur that quickly turned into a broad expanse of sand, a true desert. Here and there was a kind of prickly scrub that one camel or another would stop to munch on, leaving his rider holding on precariously as he peered down the long slope of the camel's neck.

After three hours we made our first stop, at an unshaded rock like all the other rocks we could see. Here we had our first experience of hunting for firewood in a country where nothing grows. It seems that there are always bits of twigs, no matter how barren the scene may look. It could be that we scavenged the flotsam of a decade of flash floods for our breakfast coffee.

It was also the first time that we saw Stockman bake Beduin bread. He took a little flour and water, kneaded it into dough and threw this straight into the fire. Inside of fifteen minutes, we had tasty, if sooty, bread.

My camel was an unfriendly, apathetic type who refused to respond to any of the overtures — a few gentle pats, a soft word — with which a horse can be coaxed. When I spoke to him, he would just stare back with bored, uncomprehending disdain. I re-mounted with trepidation.

We now entered on what had once been a road. It was Saket Abbas Basha, a barely discernible twin row of stones going in a perfectly straight line all the way

to the mountains in the distance. Saket Abbas Basha was built in the last century by an Egyptian pasha, who had been banished to a castle in Sinai not far from Santa Katerina. The stones were the remains of the camel track which led to the castle.

All I'd been told about the rocking motion of a camel being upsetting was simply not true. My difficulty was finding a place for my legs, not seasickness. I just couldn't find a comfortable position.

We stopped for another break just before entering the pass into the mountains. It was here that the camel and I parted company. I found that not only had I been uncomfortable, the saddle horn had opened big sores on my backside. From here on through Wadi Hibran, Wadi Salaf and all the way to the Firan Oasis on the main road to Santa Katerina, I walked. My companions — including Suleiman, who, as my camel driver, had expected to do the whole expedition on foot, rode.

In the next three days, we covered more than 50 km. of some of the most magnificent terrain imaginable. And to all intents and purposes completely empty: during the whole time we ran into people twice.

On the morning of the second day, two Beduin shepherd girls crossed our path. They were careful to keep their distance, and dashed a little way up the side of the wadi so as not to get too close.

Stockman wheedled them into conversation, sending us on ahead in order not to frighten them. It turned out that they belonged to the Hus'at tribe, which has its base in Saudi and is looked down on in Sinai. The girls weren't suspicious only of us.

THE SPARSE VEGETATION at the mouth of the wadi gradually gave way to barrenness as we moved further inland. Underfoot was mostly the silt of generations of floods, a kind of atavistic memory of the passage of water in some remote era. The almost sheer border walls of the wadi were a deep burgundy colour.

Passing a bend in the twisting canyon, on the second day, we came on a rare sight — a lush truck-garden, all of half a dunam in size. Two men were pulling up buckets of water from some subterranean source and watering the patch by means of a primitive wooden sluice system. With Stockman's help, we tried to find out why it was called Bir Nasrani (Well of the Christians). The men did not know. They pressed a drink on us. The water was warm and slightly brackish. The tomatoes, corn and green peppers they were tending didn't seem to mind.

Camping out in Wadi Hibran was an adventure in itself. The sun disappears quickly in the canyon, and absolute darkness takes over. We scrounged around for an hour to gather enough wood for a fire. Stockman went through his bread-baking routine and we opened cans of bully beef and peas.

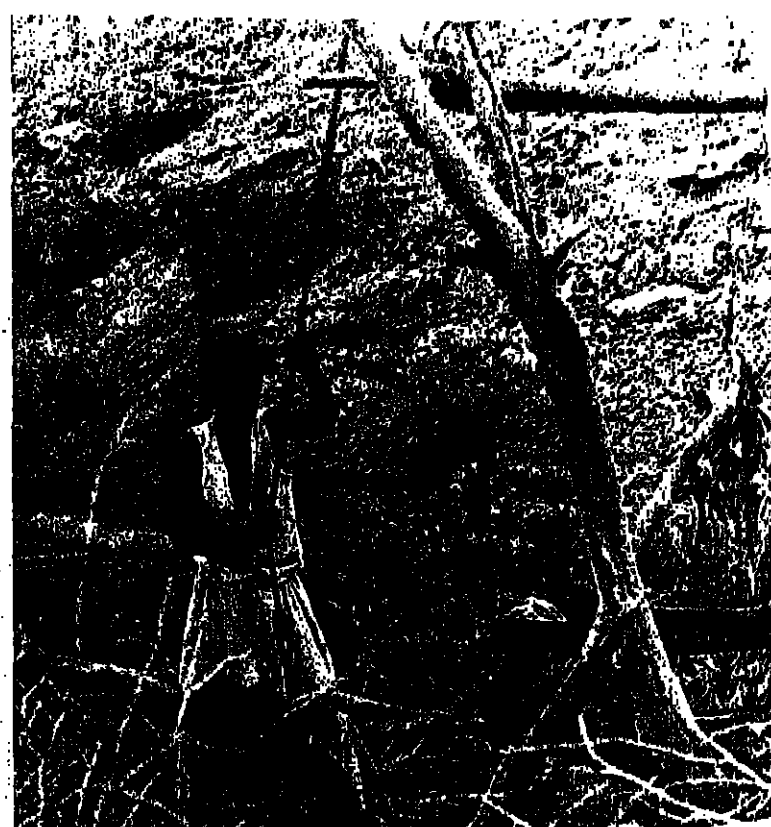
The camel drivers shared everything we have for dinner, but under some kind of unwritten union rules they sat out the wood-gathering stage. They were in charge of making coffee, however. By eight o'clock we were



Stockman, Suleiman (in the centre) and Mohammed bargaining before we left A-Tur. Negotiations were concluded only next morning.



On the trail in Wadi Hibran. (Below) Drawing water at Bir Nasrani.



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Danger of turning mute

A FRIEND VISITING New York has sent me a newspaper cutting, together with a poster, announcing the impending opening of the Burstein Theatre, right in the centre of the entertainment district on West 43rd Street. The theatre's first offering is "Mein Mannes der General." The eponymous Bursteins are, of course, our old friends Lillian (also known by her maiden name Lux) and Pesachke, who have been acting and singing and hoofing and whistling on the stage for more years than the oldest Yiddish theatre fan can remember. Several years ago the Bursteins made a big splash in Israel with their "Megillah," based on a cycle of poems by the Yiddish poet Itzik Manger, which ran for months and months and was seen by thousands who had never thought they would go to the Yiddish theatre. Then, before leaving for their present sojourn in the U.S., they made another splash, this one confined only to the regular fans, with a *tenesse-wand-gesenge* special called "Die Rebhitzzen fun Bnei Brak."

I shall never forget Lillian Burstein as the widowed Bnei Brak rebhitzzen visiting the U.S. to raise funds for a religious orphanage, making an appeal in a Brooklyn synagogue, dressed in a slinky, clinging, sexy dress,



Samuel Avital

frugging and betting out a Yiddish-Rumanian song. No wonder her appeal was so successful that she not only raised a large sum for the orphans, but also married the richest man in the congregation — played, of course, by her real-life husband.

The Tel Aviv run over, the Bursteins took the "Rebhitzzen" to New York, where she became a Yiddish mummy who goes to visit her lieutenant son on the Suez Canal, and not only succeeds in entering a military base

barred to civilians, but soon has all the men there, from the commander down, eating blintzes out of her hand. Never one to miss a trick, Lillian Burstein is shown in the poster wearing a uniform, a steel helmet, and a patch over one eye.

Another Israel working in the United States now visiting Israel is Samuel Avital. A small man, with a mobile face which seems to be all huge, black, expressive eyes, and long, curly hair topped by a brown suede cap, wearing a colourfully embroidered vest over a virginal white shirt and ocos-coloured pants. He stepped out of the elevator and launched into an imitation of a couple of neighbours of mine whom he had seen down in the lobby of the building.

Avital is a practitioner of the art of mime, which has been undergoing a revival in recent years, thanks mainly to the efforts of the great Marcel Marceau and Maximilien Decroux, both of whom were Avital's teachers. He is now living in Boulder, Colorado, where he has his own school and puts on performances with his students, and gives solo performances and lectures all over America. He is now engaged in forming an international association of mimes that will organize world festivals. The first festival is to take place in the United States in the coming year.

When Avital speaks of his art, you feel you are in the presence of a totally dedicated man. Mime is to him not only an art — it is the one true language, the most effective means whereby isolated lives — is about a people may understand each other, an extension of life itself. His grandfather, who was a student of the Kabza in Morocco, once told him that when a child

is born, he is given a certain number of words to use during his lifetime. He must, therefore, be economical with words, or he will soon find himself mute. There need be no such fear for Avital, who can tell a story and impart its inner meaning without uttering a sound.

Avital teaches his students to discover their own individuality, to be constantly aware of their own feelings and thoughts, and from there to reach out to the feelings and thoughts of others — all of which can be achieved by rigidly disciplining the body. With a gleam in his eye, he says that the mind must be constantly aware and awake; it is only through exact attention to the complete fulfillment of the action that one attains its true beauty.

On a Saturday afternoon, the people of Boulder can see Avital and his students perform in a park — after parading through the streets to drum up an audience. There is no entrance fee, but if an appreciative spectator offers a donation for the school, it is gratefully accepted. The school has a beautiful name: The Centre of Silence.

A RECENT VISITOR from the other side of the American theatrical curtain was Richard Watts, the "New York Post" critic. In his "Random Notes" column, a copy of which I have just received, he sums up his impressions thus: "People in Israel don't care a great deal for the theatre... there are many earnest playwrights and a number of plays are offered both (in Tel Aviv) and in Jerusalem, but I don't believe there is vast enthusiasm for the drama as an art form." He concludes wistfully: "Perhaps it is one of the similarities with New York."

MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

Music's missionaries

WHY DO CONCERT artists of the first rank coming here at the height of summer after a long, long season of continuous travel and many exacting performances, for three or four concerts at the Israel Festival — why do they instead of resting and enjoying life, run around like mad, work like mad, think like mad in order to help the country's musical culture? Mad? Slightly, perhaps, but they look to me more like men possessed, missionaries of music-making — and missionaries, indeed, because they want to share their knowledge and love of music with others — the young and the not-so-young people of Israel.

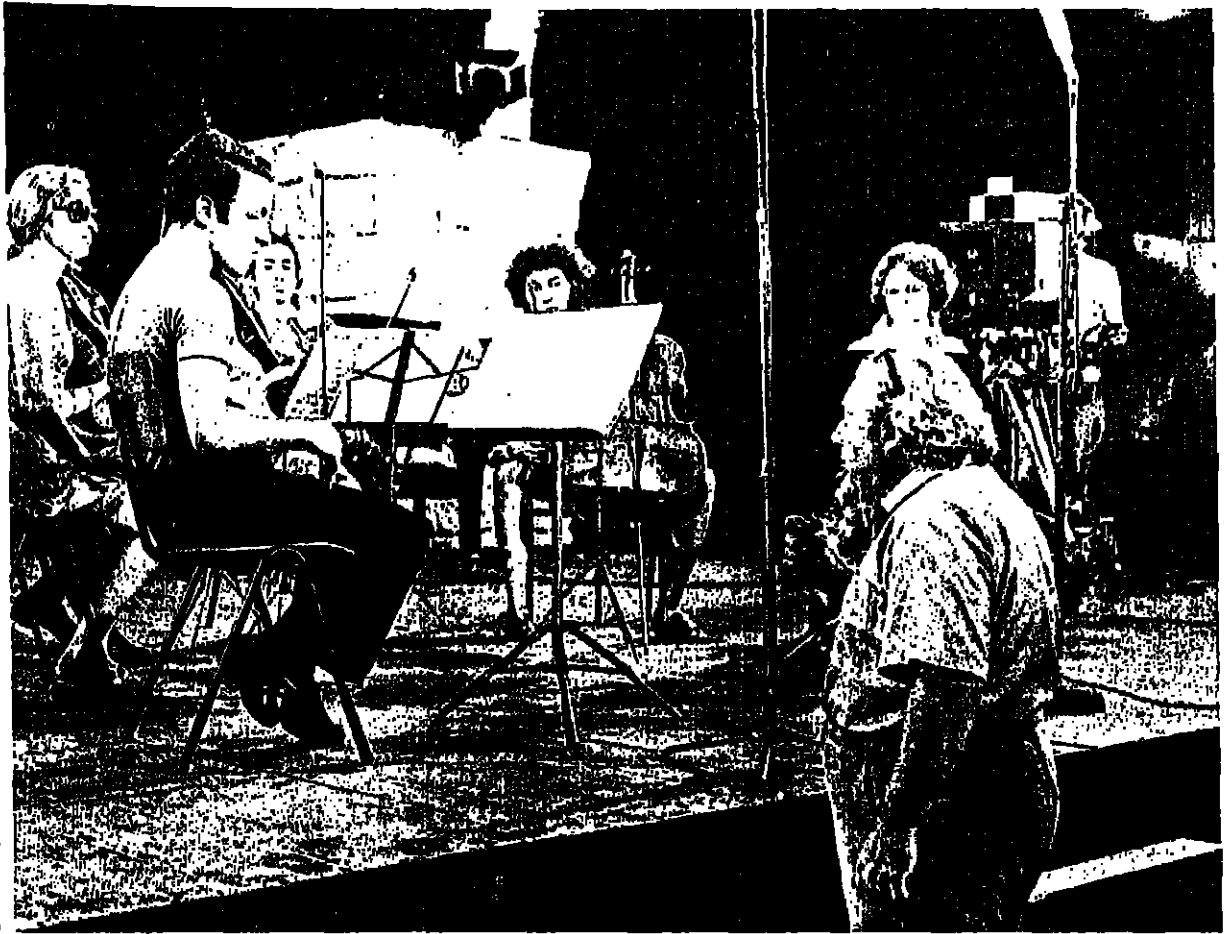
Pablo Casals, at 96, is working with the Festival Youth Orchestra in the mornings together with Alexander Schneider; the Eugene Istomin-Isaac Stern-Leonard Rose Trio, with Schneider, devote nearly every free moment to young chamber music groups who come to him for advice. It is not that these young people cannot improve their knowledge and performance with local teachers and artists — we have just had some very fine chamber music summer courses at Zikhron Yaeov (directed by Rami Shevelov) and at Ein Karem (headed by Professor Boris Schwartz), as well as the International Youth Orchestra of the Jeuneses Musiciens and the Gads Orchestra — but is there any end to learning and improving? Is there only one way to play certain pieces of music, a definitive interpretation?

To explain what I mean let me describe one of these afternoon sessions — held, since the new Music Centre at the Mishkenot Sha'ananim is not yet ready, either at the Jerusalem Khan or the Jerusalem Theatre, on the stage or in a rehearsal room, whichever is available.

The violinists of the quartet we are watching are Rina and David, both about 23, who came from Russia a three-and-a-half years ago; Tel Aviv-born Yuval, already 27 and since last year a member of the IPO, plays the viola; and Dani, not yet 16, a kibbutznik from Givat Brenner, is the cellist. They met a month ago at Rami Shevelov's summer school, decided to play together, and chose their music — a string quartet by Brahms.

Eugene Istomin is in charge of this all-strings session and his three colleagues start off as listeners. Since the youngsters don't understand English very well, Russian is used as the lingua franca — "Sasha" Schneider speaks a very Russian English anyway, even after more than 30 years in the United States. Isaac Stern's Russian is more halting and American, Leonard Rose uses English exclusively, and sometimes terms are translated into Hebrew.

In close to two hours, one-and-a-half movements of the Brahms quartet are played and re-played, first one and then another of



Isaac Stern teaching a class of new-immigrant young musicians at Jerusalem's Khan.

the three breaking in, sometimes more than one at a time. Finely phrasing, accents, signs for entries, expression, timing, vibrato, dynamics, balance, bowing — all these and more are taken up, discussed, criticized, alternatives suggested and demonstrated, until a consensus approves the change.

On the grand piano lies Isaac Stern's precious Quartet, worth about a quarter of a million dollars. Sasha and Isaac take it up in turns to demonstrate what they mean, Leonard Rose borrowing Dani's cello for this purpose. From time to time, one or other of them shoos a student from his chair and sits in with him, remaining three to clear up a point and let them hear what is good and what is not so good.

The older musicians have not adopted any preconceived "line" — they argue and discuss with the young ones what is best and why. They refrain scrupulously from voicing any criticism of teachers or their systems — their only object is to get the young players more involved to loosen them up, to open up their faculties of emotional expression, to clarify things and in general, to make them play more musically.

One could only wish that all those connected with the musical education of these budding talents had been there to watch, to participate in the discussion and in the search for a better way of making music. Although in this short session — there are many others waiting for theirs — only the surface can be scratched, it is undoubtedly a revelation for these youngsters to have their eyes and ears opened in this way, and even one short lesson can point the direction for the future.

In an ideal state of affairs, teachers and graduate students, orchestra musicians and chamber music players could be expected to avail themselves of such a precious opportunity of coming into contact with a new approach to compare their own way and, maybe, face the possibility of an alternative. The trouble is that many people are afraid that their status as artists and teachers, others as students, which is far worse — are so satisfied with themselves that they don't even feel the need to look at anything new.

The argument we often hear against the visitors — "Is it so bad here?" — could be answered with "No, but why don't we

try for something better?" Despite the liveliness and variety of the Israeli cultural scene, there is surely no harm in admitting what we tend to be doing, and that there is always a great danger of our becoming provincial. Merely avoiding any confrontation is in itself provincial.

IN THE PAST, quite a number of promising Israeli talents were taken to the United States for further study and never returned here except as visitors. The intention is to reverse this trend and eventually to have students coming here for their studies and musical development. That, however, needs an appropriate attitude on the part of the local people in the profession — active participation in and discussion of all the issues without the fear that this may detract from their professional prestige.

Meanwhile, Isaac Stern, Alexander Schneider, Leonard Rose and Eugene Istomin continue to break their heads over what to do to help musicians realize more of the beauty dormant in music-making. Auditioning, advising, listening, rehearsing makes them forget their regular meal times (we had hung out coffee, and Stern smoked huge cigars continuously). Why? Nobody wants to create another music school; nobody is looking for students, nobody is hoping for (or in need of) personal gain. So why do they do it? Simply mad music missionaries all!

AT THE END of the session, the young string quartet get up from their chairs, a bit exhausted perhaps, but their animated faces expressing more eloquently than words the excitement of their experience. They are sent off with a friendly "Now, practise at home and come back next week." There can be no doubt that they will spend the week trying to apply all they have learned at this session. Music for them will never be the same again. It will be richer, deeper, more exhilarating, more gratifying.

TORAH AND FLORA/L.I. Rabinowitz

The Pomegranate

Portion of the Week, Deut. 7,12-11,25
Haftara: Is. 49,14-51,3
The verses discussed are Deut. 8,8 and Is. 49,26



THE NAME ASSIS is by now internationally known as the trade name of one of Israel's products which is extensively exported — fruit juice, especially citrus. The word in fact means fruit juice. It occurs in this week's Haftara Bible in five other places in the Song of Songs, 8,2, is it connected with the juice of a specific fruit, that of the pomegranate.

As I write these lines, my memory goes back over 30 years to the Sabbath table of the late Annie Landau, principal of the Evelina de Rothschild School for Girls in Jerusalem, the uncredited but universally recognized Queen of Jerusalem. One of the outstanding characteristics of that table was the huge decanters of pomegranate juice.

This week's portion includes the *loous classicus* of the enumeration of the agricultural products of the Land of Israel in Biblical times, those seven products which the Rabbits call the glory of the Land of Israel. They are, in that order, wheat, barley, figs, the vine, pomegranate, olives, and dates ("devoth"). In this column I have, over the years, written extensively of six of them; the pomegranate, although it has not been entirely neglected, has not received equal treatment. I have referred to the seeds of the pomegranate, which are regarded as symbolical of the traditional 613 commandments of the Bible, and to the best of my knowledge there is only one other instance of the Rabbits using the characteristic of the pomegranate for homiletical purposes. The question is how R. Meir could allow himself to continue to receive instruction from so famous — or infamous — Ellsha ben Abuja, the arch-apostate of the Talmud, after he had abandoned Judaism, in view of the injunction that one should study only under a teacher who is "like unto an angel of the Lord."

The Talmud answers: "R. Meir was different. He was like a man, who eats the inside of a pomegranate but discards the peel, i.e. he was able to differentiate between what was acceptable in his master's teaching and what had to be rejected.

That reply implies that the peel of the pomegranate was quite useless, but this is not in accordance with the facts. Time and again the Talmud refers to a valuable use of the peel of the pomegranate, as an ingredient in dyeing.

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Sextet No. 2, op. 36
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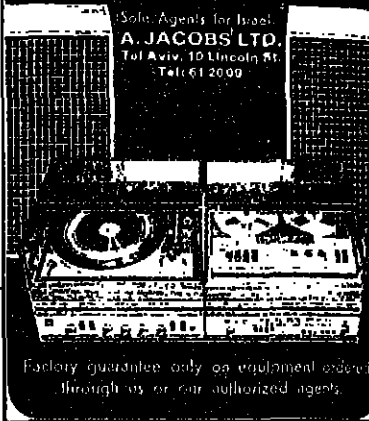
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THIS WEEK AT THE FESTIVAL August 17 - 23

BALLET FOLKLORICO DE MEXICO
General Director and Choreographer — AMALIA HERNANDEZ
75 dancers, singers and musicians
Today, August 17—Tel Aviv, Mann Auditorium, Matinee 8 p.m.
August 18 and 19—Caesarea—National Park, Roman Theatre (18th—9 p.m., 19th—8.30 p.m.)
(Tickets for performances at Caesarea all sold)

EUGENE ISTOMIN, piano
ISAAC STERN, violin
LEONARD ROSE, cello
with ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, viola
Programme: Brahms—Trio in C minor op. 101
Beethoven—Trio in E-flat, op. 70, No. 2
Mozart—Piano Quartet in G minor, K 478
August 18—Jerusalem—Binyanei Ha'oma—9 p.m.
August 19—Tel Aviv—Mann Auditorium—8.30 p.m.

SONGS AND LEGENDS OF PROPHET ELIJAH
in Hebrew, Yiddish and Ladino
Stage Director: SHMUEL BUNIM
Musical Director: SHIMON COHEN
Texts: DAN ALMAGOR
with: Misha Ashorov, Jacob Barkin, Hershel Bernardi (Arnle), Joseph Buloff, Abraham Mor, Ilanit, Rena Samsonov, Lea Shlangor
The Yemante Dance Group of LEVY-DEMOL
The Rannim Singers, Director — GIL ALDEMA
Solkara Orchestra, Director — JOSEPH BEN ISRAEL
August 21—Tel Aviv—Mann Auditorium, 8.30 p.m.
August 22—Caesarea—National Park, Roman Theatre, 8.30 p.m.

FESTIVAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA
Conductors: PABLO CASALS
ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER
Soloists: ISAAC STERN, violin
Festival Chorus — Conductor: STANLEY SPERBER
PROGRAMME:
Casals — Hymn to the United Nations
Mendelssohn — Symphony No. 10 (one movement for strings only)
Vivaldi — 4 Concerti
Mozart — Violin Concerto in A major, K. 219
Mozart — Symphony in B flat, K. 318
August 23—Jerusalem—Binyanei Ha'oma—8.30 p.m.

BIALIK EVENING
Texts: JACOB SHABTAI
Stage Director: GERSHON PLOTKIN
Musical Director: SHIMON COHEN
Scenery: ARIE NAVON
Participants: Hanna Maron, Joseph Yadin, Michal Tal, Hanna Yovel, Edna Buchman, Inahk Buchman, Teddy Kling, Doran Salomon
August 23—Ein Hashofet—8.30 p.m.
August 25—Nachman Theatre—Tel Aviv—8.30 p.m.

BRACHA EDEN — ALEXANDER TAMIR, Duo Pianists
with the Jerusalem Soloists —
Zlana Kaplan, Raya Kodosh, violins
David Chen, Alma Richter, violas
Tania Rimenikov, Miron Yampolski, cello
PROGRAMME:
Brahms — Variations on a theme by Haydn, op. 56
Brahms — Sextet No. 2, op. 36
J.S. Bach — Trio Sonata No. 1 in E flat
J.S. Bach — Concerto in C major for two pianos and strings
Tonight, August 17 — EIN HOD AMPHITHEATRE — 9 p.m.

RECITALS THIS WEEK AT THE FESTIVAL

PHILIP HIRSHHORN, violin
JONATHAN ZAK, piano
PROGRAMME:
Bach — Sonata in A minor for unaccompanied violin
Beethoven — Sonata in D major, op. 12, No. 1
Brahms — Sonata in G major, op. 78
August 19 — Jerusalem — The Jerusalem Khan — 8.30 p.m.

MICHAEL MAISKY, cello
VALERY MAISKY, harpsichord
PROGRAMME:
Bach: Sonata for harpsichord in D minor
Suite for cello solo in D minor, No. 2
French Suite for harpsichord in C minor, No. 2
Sonata for cello and harpsichord in G minor, No. 3
August 20 — Jerusalem Khan — 8.30 p.m.

MINDRU KATZ, piano
BEETHOVEN PROGRAMME:
Sonata in C sharp, op. 27, No. 2 (Moonlight)
Sonata in E major, op. 109
Sonata in A flat major, op. 110
Sonata in C minor, op. 111
August 20 — Tel Aviv Museum — Leon and Mathilde Rocanati Auditorium — 5 p.m.

SERGIU LUCA, violin
JONATHAN ZAK, piano
PROGRAMME:
Clara Schumann — Romance
Robert Schumann — Romance
Brahms — Sonatensatz
Bach — Partita in D minor, No. 2
Dvorak — Romantic Pieces
Lavry — Hora
Ravel — Tzigane
August 22 — Tel Aviv Museum — Leon and Mathilde Rocanati Auditorium — 5 p.m.

GAEMEN OR, piano
PROGRAMME:
Beethoven — Sonata in C major, op. 53 (Waldstein)
Ben Haim — Toccata
Debussy — Suite pour le piano
Brahms — 2 Intermezzi and Ballade in D minor, op. 118
Chopin — Sonata in B flat minor, op. 35
August 23 — Jerusalem Khan — 8.30 p.m.

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Parla. Sat., Tues,
Thurs., Wed., at 7.00
Sun., Mon., at 7.00, 9.30

RAMAT AVIV Tel. 412781
7.15, 9.30

CABARET
LIZA MINNELLI
MICHAEL YORK
(8 Oscars)
Tues. at 4.30;
OPERATION
THIRD FORM

STUDIO Tel. 58817
3rd week

MARLON BRANDO
MARIA SCHNEIDER
LAST TANGO
IN PARIS
Adults only 4.30, 7.00, 9.30

TOHELET Tel. 443950
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
11th week

The Discreet
Charm of The
Bourgeoisie

TEL AVIV Tel. 281181
3rd week

ONE CAT, WHO PLAYS
LIKE AN ARMY
TROUBLE MAN
ROBERT HOOKE
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Adults only

ZAFON Tel. 445085
14th week

OSAR AND
ROSALIE
ROMI SCHNEIDER
YVES MONTAND
Directed by Claude Sautet
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM Tel. 227457
2nd week

TAKE IT EASY
PROFESSOR
LANDO BUZANCA
ROSAZZA FODESTA
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

The Poster

MUSIC

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless stated otherwise.

The Israel Festival:

JERUSALEM

The Zaml Choral of New York, conducted by Matti Laar, will sing light choral music at the Wise Auditorium; Monday, Jazz - popular folk songs, led by Zaml Choral participated in the Eighth Zimriah and the Israel Festival.

CHAMBER MUSIC - Eugene Istomir, piano; Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Slatkin, conductor; Alexander Schneider, cello; Brahms: Trio, op. 101; Beethoven: Trio, op. 10, No. 2; Mozart: Piano Quartet, K.478 - at Binyanei H'omah; Saturday, at 9 p.m.

ONLY Tel. 81868
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Cesar and Rosalie
Starring
ROMI SCHNEIDER
YVES MONTAND
Technicolor
Mats. at 4.00;
Walt Disney's
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THE BRAVE
DETECTIVE
SCHWARTZ
with **BOMBA ZUR**
YOSEF SHILOAH

RON Tel. 609060
4th week

The Great Waltz
Starring
HORST BUHOLEZ
YVONNE MITCHELL
In Technicolor

SHAVIT
The hilarious film

HOMO
EROTICUS
Starring
LANDO BUZANCA and
ROSAZZA FODESTA
In Colour
Parla. Sat., Tues,
Thurs., Wed., at 7.00
Sun., Mon., at 7.00, 9.30

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THEATRE

BUSMAN AND LENA - (Habibmar) A play shattering with its cruel realism about "human garbage" in apartheid-rid South Africa, excellent acted by a cast of three. TEL AVIV (Habibmar) Sat.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF - (Habibmar) by Tennessee Williams, Tennessee Williams' play about homosexuality, drunkenness, greed, set in the south with the usual southern cast of characters. TEL AVIV (Habibmar) Sat.

DON'T CALL ME BLACK (Young Theatre) - KIBYAT BIALIK Fri. 8.00

HAIFA (Shavit) Sat. 8.00 TEL AVIV (Beit Hachayal) Sun., Wed., 8.30. LOD (Orly) Mon. HINNON LEZION Tues.

RECITALS - Michael Malaky, cello; Valeri Malaky, harp; all Bach Programme; Brahms: Sonata in D minor; Sonata for Cello Unaccompanied in D minor; French Suite in C minor; Sonata for Cello and Harp; in G minor - at the Jerusalem Khan; Thursday.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR (Habibmar) Shakespeare's gay romp about the fat, drinking, gluttonous, straggling Sir John Falstaff, in a fine production by Avraham Assaf, makes for a hilarious evening. TEL AVIV (Habibmar) Sun., Mon.

MARRIAGE DIVORCE STYLE (Tophar Theatre) - GIVAYAVIN (Shavit) Fri. 8.00 (Municipal Theatre) Sat. 8.00 (Beit Hachayal) Sun., Wed., 8.30. LOD (Orly) Mon. HINNON LEZION Tues.

ONE CITY (Jerusalem Khan) - A documentary purporting to expose prejudice governing the life of Jerusalem, seems to be a bit of a farce, but in its one-sided presentation. The version now seen is short of one third which was found too objectionable by the purveyors. TEL AVIV (Jerusalem Khan) Sun., Mon.

ORCHESTRA - The Festival Youth Orchestra, conducted by Pablo Casals and Alexander Schneider, with Isaac Stern, violin - Casals: Myra to the United Nations; Mendelssohn: String Symphony No. 4; Chopin: Sonata, op. 35 - at the Jerusalem Khan; Thursday.

RECITAL - Carmen Or, piano, plays Beethoven: "Waldstein" - Sonata, op. 25; Beethoven: Teccato; Debussy: Pour le Piano; Brahms: Intermezzo and Ballad, op. 118; Chopin: Sonata, op. 35 - at the Jerusalem Khan; Thursday.

PARDON MISTAKE IN MURDER (Yehonatan) - (Habibmar) Sat. 8.00 TEL AVIV (Beit Hachayal) Sun., Wed., 8.30. LOD (Orly) Mon. HINNON LEZION Tues.

WHAT WE LOOK LIKE (Rimot) - Programme of humour and satire. TEL AVIV (Rimot) Fri. 9.30, midnight, Sat. 9.30.

WE, THE PALMACHI - A grubby little picture purporting to tell the story of the Palmach, but in fact merely exploiting the subject. One of the best. TEL AVIV (Habibmar) Sat. 8.00 TEL AVIV (Beit Hachayal) Sun., Wed., 8.30. LOD (Orly) Mon. HINNON LEZION Tues.

RECITAL - Sergio Luca, violin, with Venetian Zak, 2nd piano, pieces by Clara and Robert Schumann; Brahms: Bach (Partita in D minor); Dvorak: Largo; Liszt: Sonata; at the Binyanei H'omah; Tel Aviv Museum; Wednesday, at 8 p.m.

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Ballet Folklorico de Mexico dancers Amcena Jimenez, as Xtabay "the evil goddess of the hunt," and Jose Villanueva, as the Prince in a ballet based on Mayan themes. (U.F.I.)

CINEMA

ADRIPT - Hauling story about a Danab sheherman's involvement with a strange and beautiful girl.

THE BRAVE DETECTIVE SCHWARTZ - Another third-rate Israeli farce that is mostly unamusing.

THE GREAT WALTZ - A great yawn about the Strauss of Vienna.

THE TRIFLE WHO CAME TO DINNOR - Entertaining comedy thriller.

THEY CALL ME SHMIL - Slapdash comedy.

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